THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCVIII.—No. 1268

APRIL 4, 1928

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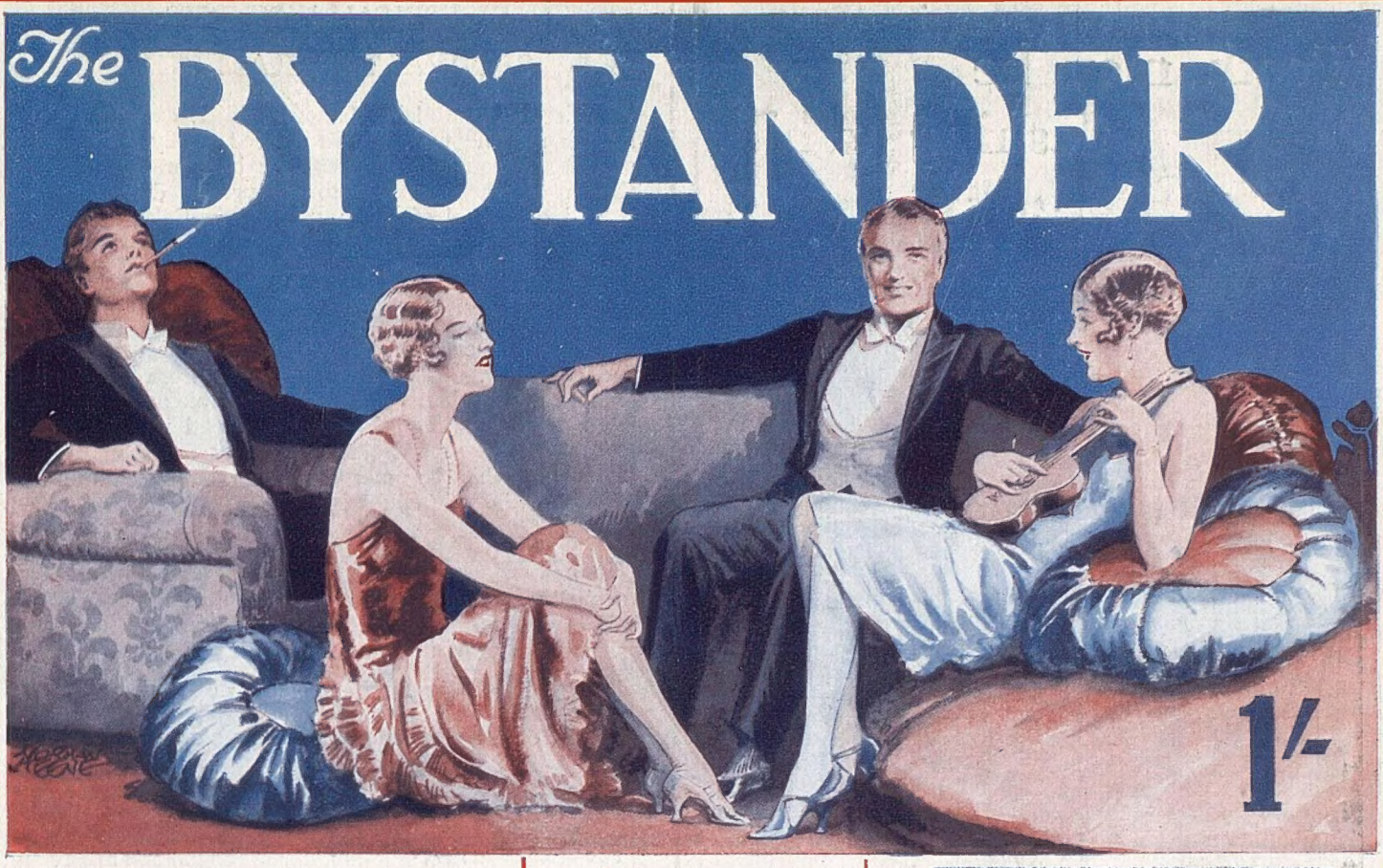
The BYSTANDER



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More than a tooth paste . . . it checks Pyorrhœa

HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh, famous soldier, explorer, and historian as he was, is remembered chiefly for an act of delicate courtesy. Queen Elizabeth, walking along the street, was hesitating to venture her dainty footsteps into a pool of mud; whereupon Raleigh threw his cloak into the mire that his sovereign lady might pass over unsullied. This act drew on him the attention of the Queen—forerunner of many material favours.

Courtesy we all admire as something gracious and charming. True courtesy springs from the heart, and does not exhaust itself in picturesque acts. There is no truer courtesy than the love and interest that prompt us to provide adequately for our dear ones. If we do this by means of an ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICY with

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

we shall reap, like Sir Walter Raleigh, material benefit in addition, for we shall have an increasing fund of credit and a provision for our declining years.

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The Bystander, April 4, 1928 No. 1268. Vol. XCVIII

The BYSTANDER

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. H. Harris

FAMOUS GOLFERS CAUGHT IN THE ACT: No. 5—JAMES BRAID

The giant of Walton Heath is represented here in a characteristic attitude. His "fury" as he lashes away at the ball is always a sight worth seeing

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.

Debutantes from Overseas

Lafayette

MISS BETTY PARR

She is the eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir James Parr, the High Commissioner for New Zealand, and will be presented this Season

Hay Wrightson

MISS LALA SMIT

Who is the younger daughter of the Hon. Jacobus Stephanus Smit, the High Commissioner for South Africa. She is studying Law

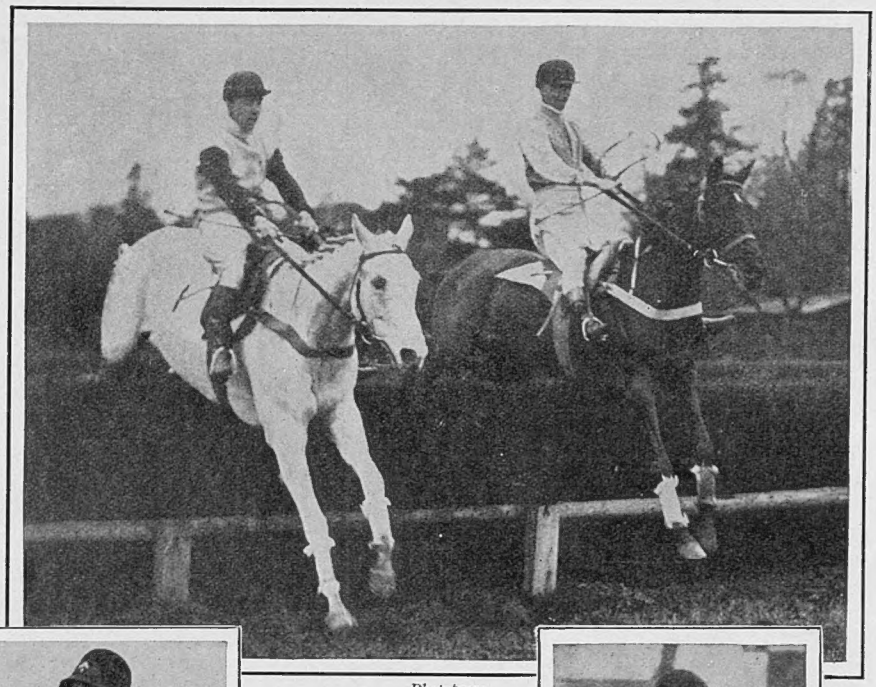
MISS MIEMIE SMIT

The elder daughter of South Africa's High Commissioner. She and her sister will be presented by their mother this Season

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

LADY BEAUMONT



Photopress

DASH O' WHITE, THE WINNER, AND GHENT OF OLD GOING OVER THE TOP IN THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP

THE GRAND MILITARY AT SANDOWN

Some of those who were present at this all-important Sandown Park fixture

LADY WODEHOUSE

LADY GEORGINA AGAR

Photographs Alfieri

LADY DALMENY

Much Entertaining

THE approach of Passion Week and Easter brought an almost feverish gaiety. It seemed as if those in the highest places wished to crowd as much entertaining as possible into the short space before the Court left for Windsor, and the rest of the world hither and thither for the Easter holidays.

In the same week there was the first of the large afternoon parties at the Palace—the second took place on the day of the Grand National—and a large dinner-party. The King and Queen dined at Admiralty House with the First Lord and Dame Caroline Bridgeman, and on the same evening the Turkish Ambassador, the Norwegian Minister and Madame Vogt, and the Polish Minister had dinner-parties.

The next evening the Spanish Ambassador and the Marquesa Merry del Val had a dinner-party and the German Ambassador and Frau Sthamer gave the biggest reception at the German Embassy since the War.

All the Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the Court of St. James's were there; and they had all been to the Persian Legation in the afternoon, when the Persian Minister had a reception on the occasion of the Persian New Year

The German Embassy, by the Duke of York's Steps, in Carlton House Terrace, is actually two houses, so there are two staircases. There were hundreds of guests at the party. Some found their way upstairs by one staircase, some by the other. The result was that whilst the Ambassador and Frau Sthamer were receiving one lot of guests at a drawing-room door, another lot was arriving behind their backs, as it were, from the opposite direction. But it was all well arranged, and the two streams never clashed or got mixed up.

The Royal Easter

"THE King kept his Easter at Windsor." This you will often find in the annals of the reign of

Edward III, the founder of the House of Windsor. So the King is only respecting very ancient history is moving the Court to the old Castle for the festival.

As a rule the King and Queen do not go to Windsor until close upon Ascot Week. But the daily and ceaseless business of State is more easily conducted from Windsor than it would be if they took their Easter holiday at Sandringham.

King Edward made tremendous changes at Windsor, which had practically been untouched or altered since the death of the Prince Consort. But Queen Mary has been responsible for the arrangement of its historical treasures, and the bringing out from forgotten cupboards of wonderful collections of china. Her Majesty's knowledge of the Castle and its contents is so complete that officials in charge of departments seek her opinion instantly on any point of doubt.

Hay Wrightson *Central News*

TO BE MARRIED IN CANADA

Viscount Hardinge and Miss Margot Fleming, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fleming, of Ottawa, who are to be married at Ottawa in October next. Viscount Hardinge, who is in the 7th Hussars, is A.D.C. to Lord Willingdon, Governor-General of Canada

A MARINE WEDDING *Lafayette*

Captain G. Haszard, O.B.E., D.S.C., Royal Marine Light Infantry, and his bride, formerly Miss Dyonese Levett, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Levett, of Milford Hall, Stafford, photographed after their wedding at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Capt. Haszard is the son of the late Captain Haszard. R.N., and Mrs. Haszard, of Lamorna, Cornwall

The Queen has the real art-lover's insistence on histories and origins. Once, in going through out-of-the-way cupboards in the Castle, Her Majesty lighted upon a china dinner service. She at once saw it was Capodimonte. But how it got there, what was its history, nobody knew. There was no record.

The Queen set inquiry afoot. Finally, it was discovered from papers in the British Museum that George III, having given the then King of Naples some cannon, that monarch had presented him with a dinner service specially made at the Royal Neapolitan china factory of Capodimonte. And there was the dinner service intact after more than a century and a half.

This is only one of the many histories of treasures at Windsor which have been traced at the Queen's instance.

The Uses of Frogmore

THE gardens at Frogmore supply all the vegetables and flowers when the Court is at Buckingham Palace or Windsor. Every day when the Court is at Buckingham Palace a big lorry goes up laden with vegetables and flowers. When there is a big luncheon or dinner party two lorries are despatched, and it is the same when the King and Queen are at Windsor.

This supply is run on business lines. Everything sent is charged for in the Frogmore accounts. The price is not based on shop or market prices, but on the actual cost of production. By this means the King is able to see whether the Frogmore gardens meet the cost of their upkeep by their produce.

A good many acres of these gardens were put under grass two years or so ago, as they were considered unnecessarily large.

Vandyk

AT THE RECEPTION

Dr. Harold Pereira and his bride, Dr. Mary Pearson, photographed with their retinue after their marriage at All Souls', Langham Place. The bridesmaids were Miss Brenda Nichols and the Misses Jessie and Mary Pereira, and the best man, Mr. Rodney Maingot

HIS MAJESTY AT WOOLWICH *Quick Pictures*

The King photographed on the occasion of his recent visit to the R.A. Depot at Woolwich. He is seen here inspecting the ex-Service men

A Domestic Item

THE earlier visit of the Court has necessitated an earlier spring cleaning at the Castle. There must be miles of room-carpets and stair-carpets to beat. I remember a former Bishop of Winchester saying he had to buy three miles of carpet for Farnborough Castle, and episcopal Farnborough is just a large country house in comparison with Royal Windsor.

No abode in England, I should imagine, has a carpet weighing two tons—and which, like all carpets, must be beaten once a year. But the carpet in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor—the Royal dining-room during Ascot Week and for big dinners at other times of residence—weighs that amount.

It is eighty feet long and forty feet wide, and took seven years to weave at Agra. Sixty men are needed to carry it down to the lawn, when it is thoroughly well beaten, and as many to bring it up again.

IN SOUTH AFRICA *P. and A.*

Lady May Cambridge photographed under the South African sun. Her father, the Earl of Athlone, is Governor-General of the Union of South Africa

A Loss to Cowes

COWES has sustained a second loss within a few months by the death of Elizabeth Marchioness of Ormonde. For many years past Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, at Nubia House, and Lady Ormonde at Solent Lodge, were the dispensers of wide hospitality during Cowes Week, and to yachting folk outside those hectic seven or eight days when the *Victoria and Albert* anchored in the Roads. Sir Godfrey Baring has sold Nubia House, and Solent Lodge has lost its most kindly and charming mistress. Lady Ormonde went to Solent Lodge after her widowhood, but for many years before that she had been one of the great personalities at Cowes. Her husband, the third Marquess of Ormonde, was Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. She was a daughter of the late Duke of Westminster by his first marriage to the lovely daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland, Lady Constance Leveson-Gower, much of whose beauty came to her. Lady Ormonde had two daughters, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, and Lady Constance Butler, who, as I told you a little time ago, own Shanbally Castle in County Tipperary jointly.

Hunting by Train

IT is a commonplace for people to drive to meets in motor cars, but it surely must be a history-making event in hunting when the members of a hunt, together with horses and hounds, go to a meet thirty-seven miles on in a special train. This happened recently when Sir Harold Nutting, the Master of the Meynell, asked the High Peak to hunt with them from Burton-on-Trent. The Joint-Master of the High Peak is the Hon. Evan-Baillie, and there was therefore a personal interest in the invitation, since he is the heir to his mother's barony of Burton. This was a second barony conferred upon her father, Sir Michael Bass. The first barony was of Burton of Rangemore and Burton-on-Trent. The second barony was Burton of Burton-on-Trent and Rangemore, with a special remainder to the late Lord Burton's daughter in default of male issue.

He was likewise a baronet. When he died the first barony became extinct; the second went to his daughter, and his baronetcy went to his nephew, Sir William Arthur Hamar Bass. Rangemore is the beautiful place near Burton-on-Trent where the late

Central News

A ROYAL VISIT

The Duke of York, as President of the Industrial Welfare Society, photographed at the chief office of the Prudential Assurance Co., Ltd., and Prudential Approved Societies at Holborn Bars. He is seen on his way to the rifle range

Lord Burton so often entertained King Edward, and now belongs to the Dowager Lady Burton, who, with her daughter, were Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles's predecessors at Chesterfield House.

Cheese and Beer

LIKE the Burtons, Sir Harold Nutting's fortune is based upon beer, his father, the first baronet, having amassed considerable riches from bottling that beverage in Dublin, as well as from Irish railways. Sir Harold used to be Master of the North Shropshire before taking charge of the Meynell.

Quenby Hall in Leicestershire, a fine Elizabethan house, where Sir Harold and Lady Nutting now live, used to belong to Lady Henry Grosvenor and then to her son by her first marriage, Mr. Owain Greaves, who married the heiress to the Earldom of Dysart. It was sold some little time ago. We owe Stilton cheese to Quenby Hall.

PRINCE GEORGE AND LADY BEATTY

It was first made there, its manufacture being a secret of the then owners of the house, the Ashbys, and was called Quenby cheese. Gradually, however, the secret became known amongst tenants on the estate, who made the cheese and sold it outside. An innkeeper at Stilton, finding the cheese popular with his customers, used to buy up large quantities, which he sold to travellers by coach on the Great North Road. And that is how the cheese came to be called Stilton.

Claims to Titles

SOME little time ago it was decided that the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords would not consider claims to titles which had been in abeyance more than fifty years. A good many people, therefore, were surprised to see that Mr. Selby-Lowndes, of Whaddon, was claiming the baronies of Montacute and Monthermer, which were extinguished by an Act of Attainder in 1539. But when the regulation as to the fifty years' limit was made, it was expressly stated that it would not apply to claims then under consideration or about to be revived. These two baronies have already been claimed three times before.

CAPTAIN SIR ALEXANDER STANIER WINNING THE SERVICES CUP

RACING AT "GIB."

The Annual Spring Meeting of the Gibraltar Jockey Club coincided, according to custom, with the visit of the Fleet. The meeting was held under ideal conditions and proved to be a very "matey" affair

Photographs *Photopress*

GENERAL SIR CHARLES MONRO, GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR, AND LADY MONRO

LT.-COMMANDER FOGG-ELLIOTT, LIEUT. L. FOGG-ELLIOTT, AND THE HON. MRS. FROBISHER

They were held in her own right by that valiant Countess of Salisbury whose relationship to the throne—she was the last descendant of Edward III—was too close for Henry VIII's liking. So he sent her to the scaffold. She told the executioner she was no traitor and that if he wanted her head he must take it. A horrible scene ensued, in which the Countess's head was literally hacked from her body. She inherited the baronies of Montacute and Monthermer from her father, that Duke of Clarence who was drowned in a butt of malmsey wine, but she lost them by attainder two years before her death.

A Kindly Thought

A PATIENT on coming out of the anæsthetic after an operation was amazed to find the blinds in his room at the nursing home drawn down. To his questions as to the reason the nurse made evasive replies, and he could do nothing to get an explanation. The next day he tackled the doctor, who explained.

"During the operation a fire broke out on the other side of the street, and we drew the blinds down because we were afraid that if you saw the flames when you came out of the anæsthetic you might think the operation had not been successful!"

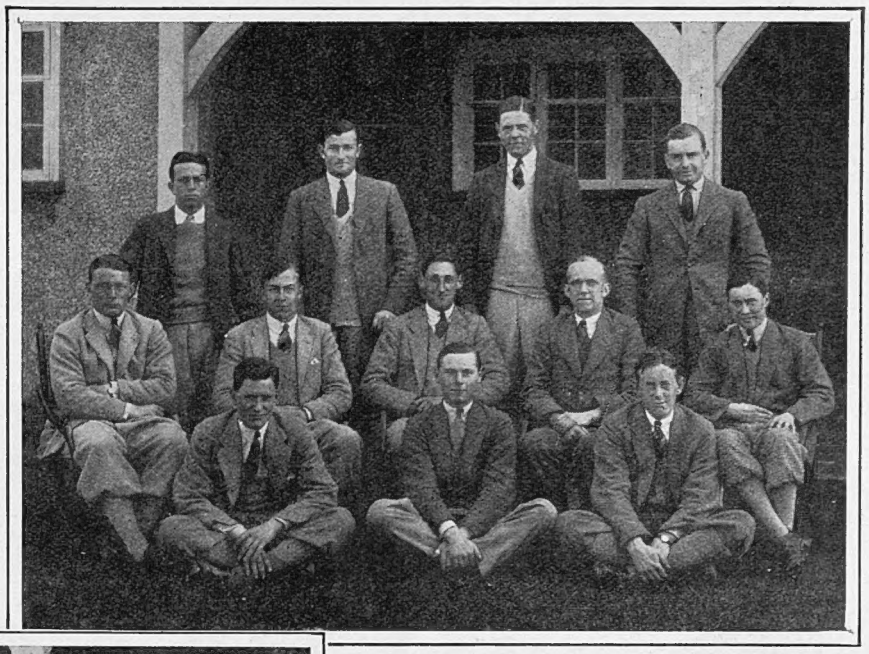
Concerning First Nights

TRADITIONS take a parlous long time to die. For years past we have been told of the "brilliance" of first nights of plays. But the " brilliance " is sister and brother to the convention which insists, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, upon the " brilliance " of every London Season, and the invariable sunshine in the South of Europe during the winter.

Personally, I find the first night performances of plays very flimsy affairs—with one or two exceptions—so far as the audiences are concerned. The " brilliance " is a tradition handed down from the days when Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum, Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's, Sir Charles Wyndham at the Criterion, Sir George Alexander at the St. James's, and Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, played to stalls and boxes filled with the *fine fleur* of Society, and great figures in the arts and sciences on the opening nights of their plays.

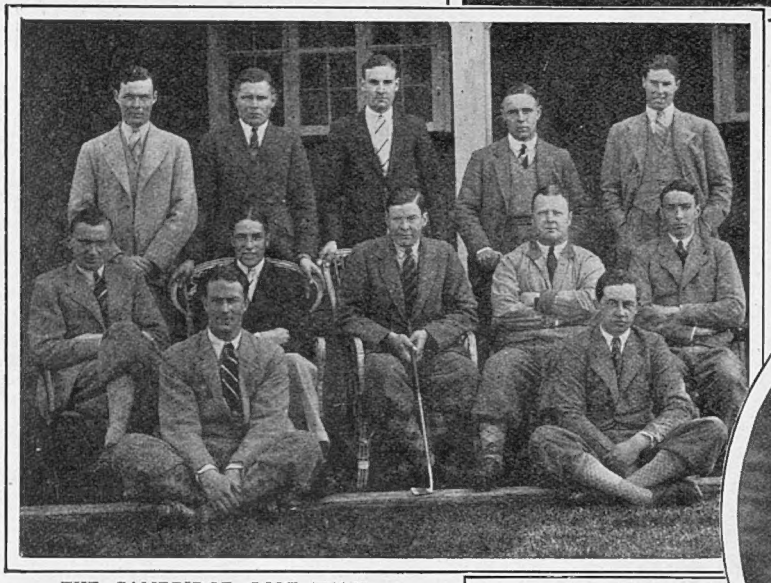
To-day there are more dramatic critics than in those times. Consequently they occupy more seats, and some of them are so busy that they haven't time to change into evening garments. Male tweeds and soft collars, and feminine day dresses, with hats thrust under the seat, do not make for " brilliance " in a first night audience. On many occasions the only note of splendour comes from the theatrical cloaks worn by actresses who are " resting."

First nights are very often interesting as concerns the play, and enthusiastic as concerns the audience, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you would have to search for the " brilliance " of those audiences with a magnifying glass.



THE OXFORD GOLF TEAM

Standing: R. H. Baugh (left), S. G. MacGregor, C. B. Mitchell, G. M. Adams. Seated: R. D. Mathieson, A. S. Bradshaw, R. H. Oppenheimer (Capt.), J. H. Taylor, D. H. R. Martin. In front: R. L. Sykes (reserve), M. G. Clayton, and M. R. Kittermaster (reserve)



THE CAMBRIDGE GOLF TEAM

Standing: D. C. Robertson (left), W. C. Carr, B. C. Crouch, H. C. Longhurst, J. E. F. Rawlins. Seated: K. M. Stobart, L. Evelyn-Jones, G. Illingworth (Capt.), J. S. C. Maughan, E. M. Prain. In front: (reserves) J. D. Little and E. Martin Smith

THE OXFORD *v.* CAMBRIDGE GOLF MEETING AT SANDWICH

On the first day of this meeting Oxford won the Foursomes by three matches to one, and the morning round of the Singles on the second day resulted in each side having a lead in five matches. Cambridge finally proved victorious by 8 matches to 6, one match being halved

G. C. WEIGHTMAN-SMITH

Winning the 220 Yards Low Hurdles

THE VARSITIES AT QUEEN'S CLUB

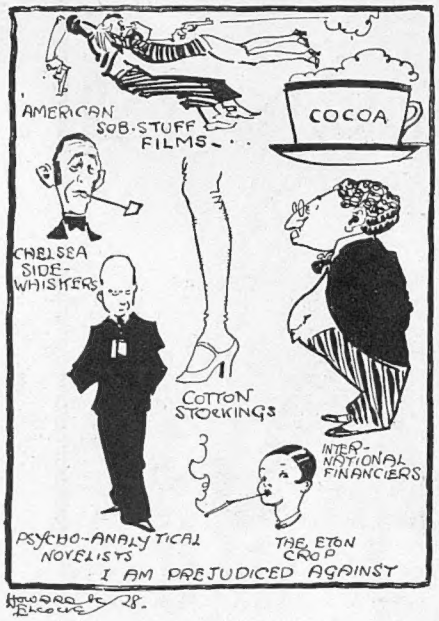
Two of the winners in the Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Sports, which resulted in a win of 8 events to 3 for Cambridge. G. C. Weightman-Smith equalled the Inter-Varsity record of 24 4-5 seconds in the 220 Yards Low Hurdles.

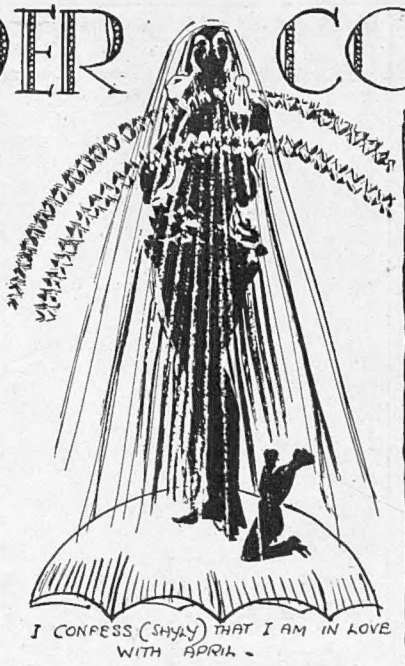
Photographs *Sport and General*

W. A. M. EDWARDS

Who won the Three Miles for Oxford

BYSTANDER COMMENTS





Rank Favouritism

As you will not be reading my confessions in your theatre programme I take this opportunity of informing you that I have a favourite month. Theoretically, favouritism (like many other pleasant and human failings) is a thing to be deprecated. We should be sufficiently tolerant and enlightened to treat those twelve months impartially, without fear or prejudice. We should (we are told) cultivate the Open Mind. Yet I am not so sure about that. Carried to its severely logical conclusion, the open mind might easily become the vacant mind. This is a vacuum which Nature abhors. And so do I.

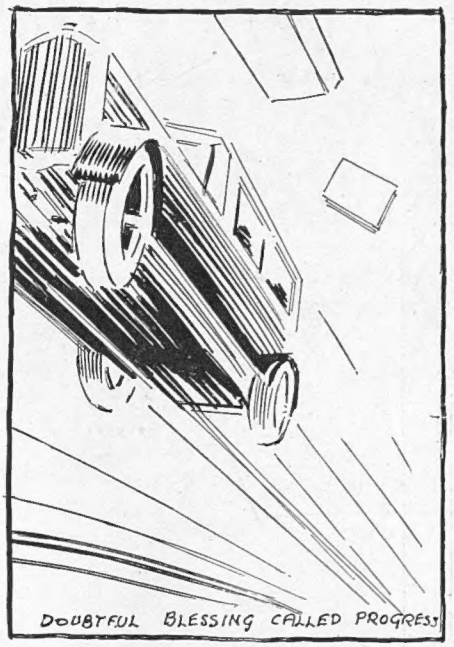
My Prejudices

There are lots of things I have a prejudice about. I do not pretend to be in the least open-minded about them. I have an unreasoning prejudice against American sob-stuff films, cocoa, Chelsea side-whiskers, cotton stockings, international financiers, *vers libre*, psycho-analytical novelists, and the Eton crop. I will not argue about them. I may be quite wrong. I merely take up the Diehard position. I dislike them as the poet of the deathless quatrain disliked Doctor Fell.

The Green Shoes of April

April is one of my *pro*-prejudices. I confess (shyly) that I am in love with April, with her smiles and her elusiveness. Sterner critics will tell you she is a fickle jade. They will begin to chant "*La donna e mobile*" in sonorous (and reproving) tones whenever she appears. Fickle she may be, but I contend that, more than any of her brothers or sisters, she possesses that subtle, indefinable quality which we call charm. What is charm? Charm is—be hanged to your little handbooks on Logic for Beginners!—the thing we experience when April

"Laughs her golden laughter,
Then the moment after
Weeps her golden tears."



Voyage Autour de Mon Jardin

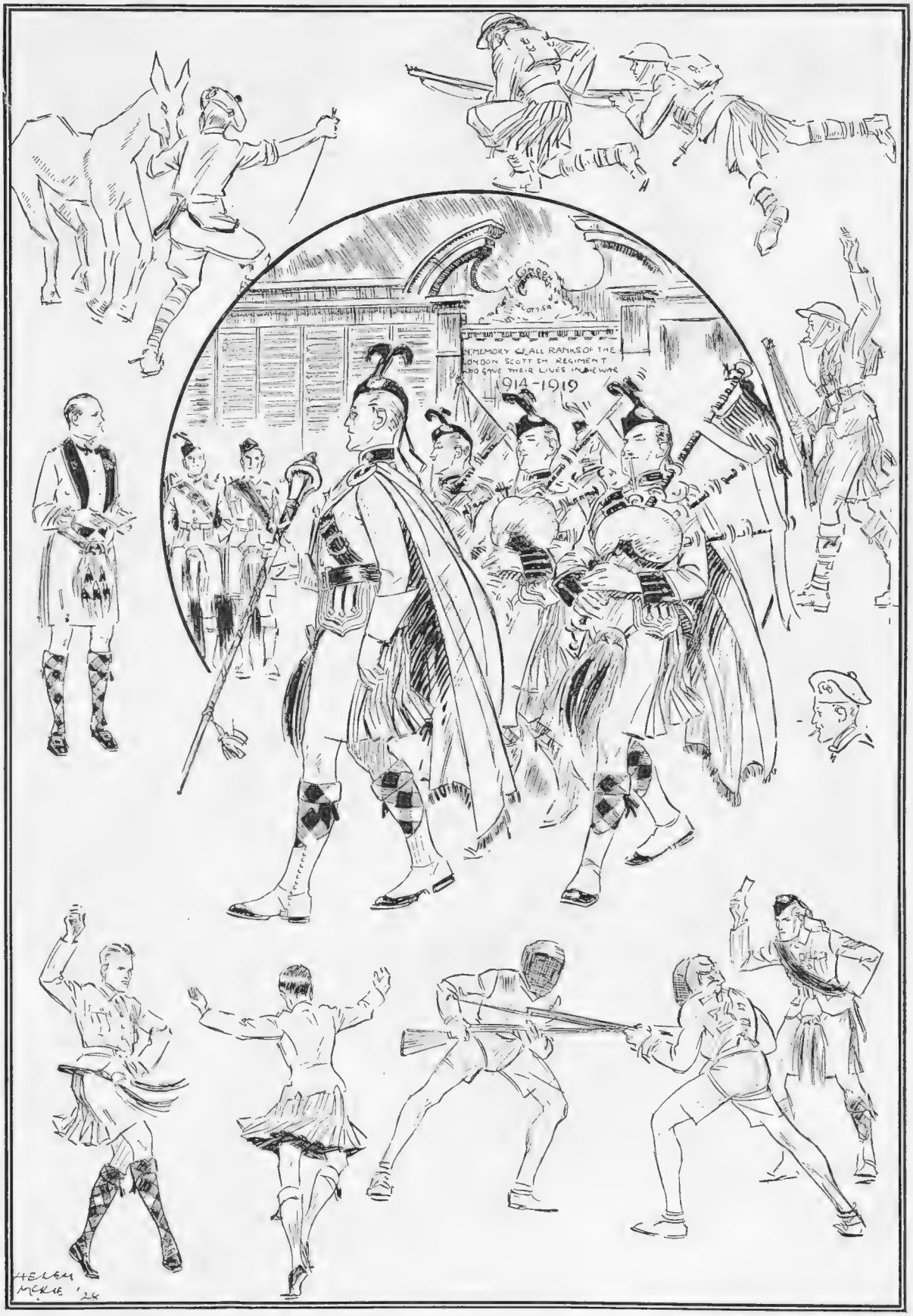
It was a distinguished (and logically minded) Frenchman who wrote "A Journey round My Room." An Englishman, I feel, would be less meticulous. He is not much given to journeying round his room except in adventurous quest of his pipe and slippers. He would much rather take you for a journey round his April garden. See England first. I should like to show you my daffodils. There are primroses in the coppice, the lime trees are budding, and my cherry-plum tree has been white with blossom for quite a long time. And if Mr. Thomas Cook will not undertake the tour, I will promise to conduct you myself.

The Eastern Roads

Historians will tell you—though, to be quite fair, historians, as Belloc says, will tell you practically anything—that the world's story is one long tale of successive migrations. If the Easter week-end is fine (and heaven forgive the Clerk of the Weather if it isn't!) the holiday motorist will set forth upon his hegira along the high roads of old England. There will be more of him than ever before, and I say: Good luck to him! A small percentage of him may not yet have learnt road manners, but we cannot spend all our time

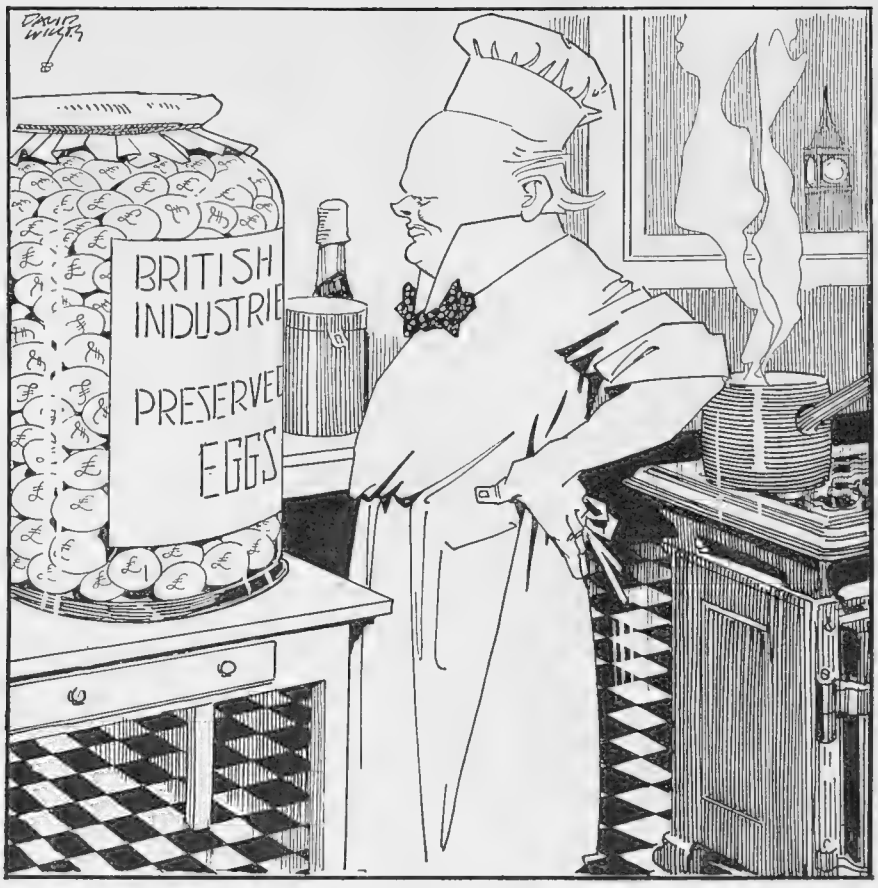
(*Continued on page* 10)

An Evening with the "Hodden Grey"



BY HELEN McKIE

Some impressions gathered by our artist at the recent Assault-at-Arms held by the London Scottish. A very large crowd attended the headquarters of this famous Territorial Regiment to witness the displays, which included boxing, bayonet fencing, Highland dancing, gymnastics, rifle, Lewis and machine-gun work, to say nothing of the antics of the weird and wonderful "mule" seen in the top-left corner, which added lustre to the doings of the Transport Section



By David Wilson

WILL WINSTON "POACH" ON THESE "PRESERVES"?

(Continued from page 8)

saying "Bah!" to the inevitable black sheep. You cannot, as Burke said, indict a nation, and we are a nation of motorists now.

Back to Romance

THERE are critics who, sceptical of that doubtful blessing called Progress, denounce the touring car as the last word in unpleasant modernity. This I deny. The car, I say, has rescued us from Progress in the shape of stuffy railway carriages, and taken us back to the old-fashioned highways. More people than ever before know to-day that England has a countryside. Green fields are English, and rolling downs and cottage gardens and the eaves of quiet inns, but nothing is so English as the King's highway—

"A merry road, a mazy road, and such as we did tread,
The night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head."

The Rolling English Road

THE most romantic thing in the English landscape is the road. It has the Royal prerogative. It is the King's Highway. It holds our imagination equally whether it flies straight as an arrow in Roman fashion or ambles merrily and mazily at its own English sweet will. The Dover Road, where the milestones are and where Mr. Pickwick's coach went clattering; the highways of the West that lead to "junket and ciderbrew"; the Great North Road where brave Black Bess galloped along "a ribbon of moonlight"—these are our heritage. I would rather see them from the tiniest flivver that ever flivved than not see them at all.

Road *v.* Rail

I HAVE a friend who is a sturdy champion of the rights of the road as opposed to the rights of the railway. "The railway companies," he says, "have enjoyed a practical monopoly for nearly a hundred years. Has this freedom from competition brought them to a dazzling pitch of efficiency? And why should they be given fresh advantages over a young and struggling industry that has fought gamely under heavy difficulties to give the public an alternative service?" My friend is very warm about it, and there is something in what he says.

Spare that Tree

I FELT angry the other day when I saw workmen cutting down trees in one of my favourite woods in Essex. I suppose the timber was wanted for some entirely laudable purpose, and I admit that the owners of property have the right to chop down whole forests without consulting me. But the process of denuding our woodlands seems to be going on all over the country. Only the other day a big, beautiful tree was, without any apparent reason, cut down in one of the London parks. Why? We have too many factory chimneys and too few trees as it is. There is too little of the old rural England left for us to part with one branch of it. I heard recently of a society with a much nobler aim than most philanthropic societies generally display. Its members were pledged to plant one tree a year, which seems to me a loftier object than the sending of woolly waistcoats to the heathen of Borioboolaga. Swift said that he deserved best of his country who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before. How much more deserving is the benefactor who makes two oak trees grow where nothing at all grew!

Sporting Intelligence

I HEAR that Turkey and Yugo-Slavia are to meet in combat at Easter. There will be no casualties. At least, I hope not, for they are to meet on the football field. Who shall say that we English have not taught the world some good sense? And what pessimist will deny that here at least is the kind of "League" that can produce an alternative to the less sporting game of war?

En Famille with the Photographer

Compton Collier

Lord Dudley Gordon, D.S.O., and Lady Dudley Gordon photographed in the grounds of their Kent home, Wilmington Hall, near Dartford. With them are their children, Michael James Andrew, seen standing on their right, Archibald Victor Dudley, who is seated in front of him, Jessamine Cécile Marjorie, their only daughter, behind whom are standing their youngest son, Alastair Ninian John, and their eldest, David George Ian Alexander. Lord Dudley Gordon, who commanded the 8th/10th Gordon Highlanders in the War, is the second son of the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair

BY STAN TERRY

"ONE OVER THE EIGHT"

BY NORMAN KEENE

"SERENADE MODERNE"

The Cult of Cruelty at the Little Theatre

Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

CHARLES PERCY HARKNESS (J. H. ROBERTS) IN A POSE OF PARTICULAR TERROR

GILLIAN LIND AS HESTHER TOBIN, AND J. H. ROBERTS AS CHARLES PERCY HARKNESS

As a study of the sadistical, "A Man with Red Hair," adapted from Hugh Walpole's novel by Ben W. Levy, is almost horribly successful. On this page are some photographs depicting various scenes of present or past horror in this play at the Little Theatre, and in the top photograph Ion Swinley is seen stripped to the buff as David Dunbar, while Crispen, the sadist (Charles Laughton), watches with peculiar pleasure the troubles of Charles Percy Harkness (J. H. Roberts)

Produced February 11, 1928.

Stage Photo Co.

A CASE OF IDENTITY

Effie Wright (Grace Wilson), the chambermaid of the Swan Inn, bearing a letter to the late Lady Weir's husband, refuses to believe that Sir Julian Weir (Herbert Marshall) is the gentleman in question. The Majesty of the Law is present in the person of Inspector Marsh (Griffith Humphreys)

AT ST. JAMES'S

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THE stout lady who pushed me unceremoniously into the fireplace as we were leaving the theatre remarked to her friend that this was a very nice play, and I find myself more inclined to respect her judgment than her manners. The absorbing story is told with a fascinating ingenuity, while the acting is agreeably perfect in all respects. We are taken first to the parlour of an inn at Uppington. Mr. Owen Heriot arrives by car from London with Lady Weir, the young and beautiful wife of the Rt. Hon. Sir Julian Weir, M.P., a rising statesman with whom Heriot was once on quite friendly terms. Mr. Cobb, the landlord, has uncomfortable doubts about the couple from the first, and pretaces his welcome with the remark that he is a Moral Man, and, naturally, the admission of that sort of eccentricity in these days raises a general laugh.

FOR ourselves—since it is usual to think the worst of our neighbours—we had not the least doubt that we were being confronted with an ordinary outbreak of Sin, and it came rather as a shock to learn that it was nothing of the kind. The couple behave with moderate affection towards each other and nothing more; but Lady Weir has clearly settled in her own mind the proper and logical termination of such a joint trip into the country. She bids Heriot a sweet good-night, and intimates that he can follow her to her room in about ten minutes. By way of a reply Mr. Heriot says coldly that he proposes to camp out for the night in the parlour armchair, and Lady Weir is obliged to call for a phial of sal volatile to steady her nerves in such an unexpected crisis.

MR. HERIOT has, it seems, taken the lady away from husband and home under false pretences. He has a little account to settle with the Weir family. A short while previously he and Mrs. Heriot were at Deauville when somebody stole somebody else's diamond necklace. Mrs. Heriot was accused of the theft, and Mr. Heriot came so far under the ensuing social ban that he had to give up all his political ambitions, and became a sort of outcast, while his wife died without being able to prove her innocence. Mr. Heriot has good reason to believe that Lady Weir knows who stole the necklace, and he has brought her to this country inn to drag the truth from her. It is true that his relations with her are,

daughter of Sir Julian by his first wife; but the Weirs cannot, of course, afford to ally themselves with reputed diamond thieves. When Lady Weir finds that all that Heriot wants of her is the truth about the diamonds for his son's sake, she retorts angrily that Alan and Judy shall never marry while she lives to prevent it. Then realising that, contrary to her liveliest expectations, she must go upstairs alone, she is so upset about it that she dies during the night of a broken heart. Heriot knew nothing of the catastrophe at the time, as he left quite early in the morning, after paying all expenses of self and lady, as a gentleman will always do.

THEN we get to the home of Sir Julian Weir on the following day, as he returns from the melancholy duty of identifying his wife's mortal remains. The lady appears to have died from natural causes, but there is a certain amount of pardonable curiosity as to who was her gentleman friend at the inn; and the Moral Landlord has come to London to see Scotland Yard about it. Mr Heriot, calling on his old friend Sir Julian to talk about Alan and Judy, is shocked to hear of the fatality at Uppington, especially as there is to be an inquest; and for the sake of both families, he does not want to be dragged into that kind of publicity. A very efficient police inspector comes to the house to make a few notes for the coroner. He makes an inventory of the contents of Lady Weir's handbag, which her husband has brought back with him, and has jotted down every item, including the phial of sal volatile.

MR. HERIOT'S chief reason for wishing to clear the family name is that his son is in love with Judy, the and continue to be entirely platonic, but nobody is likely to believe in such a possibility. And Lady Weir has now the alternative between speaking the truth, or figuring in the divorce court.

Stage Photo Co.

'ALAS, IT MAY NOT BE!"

Judy Weir (Betty Stockfield) tells Alan Heriot (George Curzon) that they can never hope to be married. However, the case of the second Lady Weir's death is cleared up in time to provide a happy ending for the young lovers

THEN we meet Alan and Judy, a delightful pair of lovebirds most admirably played by Mr. George Curzon and Miss Betty Stockfield. Alan has come to say that she is the only girl in the world for him; and, in the gentlest possible manner, she is obliged to reply that, alas! it can never be. The young man is so upset that he goes away feeling extremely unwell. So much so, in fact, that Judy snatches the sal volatile from Lady Weir's handbag and runs after him in case he should need that kind of restorative.

WHEN the detective calls again he brings the Moral Landlord with him. Heriot, who is still with Sir Julian Weir, at once darts into the library and locks himself in, for fear of being recognised. After the detective and the landlord have gone, Sir Julian and Heriot wonder if it is possible to obtain any later news, and they therefore turn on the wireless apparatus. A little of the usual throaty music is heard on the loud-speaker, and then there is a dramatic interruption. An SOS call is broadcast by urgent request. Will the gentleman who purchased a phial of sal volatile at Uppington on the previous evening kindly communicate with the chemist. It is feared that a phial of poison was given to him in error.

SIR JULIAN goes to his wife's handbag. What has become of the sal volatile? Judy at once confesses that she took it for Alan. Heriot can obviously keep his secret no longer since his son's life may be at stake. There is a very powerful scene between Sir Julian and Heriot (Mr. Herbert Marshall and Sir Gerald du Maurier) as the identity of Lady Weir's paramour is gradually dragged out. Then the secret of the theft of the diamonds is disclosed, and everything is cleared up. Mr. Herbert Waring as the Moral Landlord is nicely droll, and a very able piece of character acting is contributed by Miss Grace Wilson as a raw country girl.

JINGLE.

THE COMBINED TEAMS

A photograph of the Harrow and Charterhouse Athletic teams taken before their annual meeting. This year it took place on Harrow's ground

Harrow and Charterhouse meet in the Athletic Field

A LANDING PARTY

R. S. Bramley about to land on the completion of a long jump. He won this event for Charterhouse, clearing 19 ft. 7 in.

The recent meeting between Harrow and Charterhouse was very evenly contested. Right up to the last event, the Mile Relay, the issue was in doubt, but Harrow, winning a hard-fought race by 15 yards, forced a draw, each team winning 4½ events

G. E. ALDRIDGE

Photographs *Sport and General*

R. W. HOBSON

Two studies of expression, as shown by Harrovians. The left-hand photograph shows G. E. Aldridge winning the Half Mile in 2 mins. 10 4-5 secs., whilst that on the right shows R. W. Hobson clearing 5 ft. 3¼ in. to tie with D. B. McGregor, of Charterhouse, in the High Jump

GOLFING GESTURES

BY PENDARVES

Illustrations by CUNINGHAM

PHENOMENAL AFFAIRS AT LE TOUQUET

You must explain that it is to Le Touquet-Paris-Plage you wish to go; otherwise you may get carried off to the other end of France, which would be very awkward. If it is a fine Easter you will have an amazingly good time at Le Touquet on its most excellent golf course. And if it is wet there are the Casino, the other fellow's hotel—as magnificently *chic* as your own, only more so—and one or other of those gay villas hiding indiscreetly in the woods, from all of which there emerge sounds of revelry by night.

I suppose it is controversial to say that the Le Touquet golf is the best in France. But I have played over all the star courses there, and that is how I feel about it. Certainly the average golfer, not cursed with a "plus" handicap, will find no better greens in most of Great Britain: they are as near perfect as makes not a stroke's difference to your card, and the general golf is VERY good. Some people are put off by the crowd during the season. Well, if they abhor crowds they must not come here. As a matter of fact, they *will* come, because most Bystanders like to be where the gay (and lovely!) and—er—rather naughty world forgathers.

What matter that between Easter last year and the middle of October there were 35,414 rounds of golf played here—the complete check on this being the number of caddies' tickets sold per round. And that 3,400 individuals of both sexes and all ages, ambitious and inhibitious, played over the two courses. These are phenomenal figures, and some British club secretaries, no doubt, wish they had the half of this complaint. But Le Touquet is a phenomenal place, and also a most fascinating one. Against this, however, must be set the fact that you may not play during the season over the big course if your handicap is over 18—which is indeed a most wise rule. In this connection Dennett-Barry, that most efficient and popular personality, deemed it his duty as secretary to inquire politely of a French lady one morning who was tripping towards the first tee, thus:

"Pardon, Madame, mais avez-vous dix-huit, ou moins?"

"Ah, Monsieur Barreee"—with a gratified smile—"comme vous êtes *vraiment* un galant"! . . .

Apart from the intense amusement and thrill of losing your money in the scintillating Casino, there is a wealth of humour to be gleaned on and about the golf course. There was, for example, the little matter of the French Colonel last season who persisted in driving into a pal of mine who was, quite legitimately ahead of him. The Englishman, a stoic, endured it as long as he could, and at length stood patiently aside until the brave Colonel ploughed a passage up to him. This worthy seems to have realised he had been a shade impetuous, for he remarked on arrival:

"Je vous demande pardon, Monsieur."

To which the stoic replied gravely:

"Il n'y a pas de quoi, Monsieur: tout de même c'est un petit peu dangéreux, n'est-ce pas?"

"Ah, mon cher Monsieur," replied the Colonel gaily, waving a hand about the horizon, "*indubitablement*: c'est à la guerre comme à la guerre, enfin—ne pensez vous pas—hein?"

"They participated as allies in a two-ball foursome"

But all honour to the indomitable French nation in the matter of its English games. They sustain a stamina and a perseverance in their studies of them (until they frequently beat us at them in the end) which can only commend one's unstinted admiration. This "dogged does it" attitude is often most marked in the character of the feminine player. There was a lady out here—a Madame Pourquoi-Pas, shall we say—who felt it was absolutely incumbent upon her to have a handicap at "le golfe." She therefore set out to achieve this difficult diploma. With her, like a true daughter of France, she took a gentleman

(*Continued on page 20.*)

A LADIES' MEETING

A ROUND OF THE COURSE AT "EVE'S" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES

MRS. O. C. BRISTOWE, MRS. J. B. WALKER, MRS. ELLIOTT, AND MRS. F. MANTLE

MRS. LATHAM HALL, MISS MOLLY GOURLAY, MRS. E. RAINSFORD, AND MISS N. K. BURMAN

Woodhall Spa was the battleground for this year's "Eve's" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, founded in 1923. Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas were given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists. Many famous feminine golfers competed, including Miss Molly Gourlay, who won her English Championship on this course. The holders, Miss M. Wragg and Mrs. O. Jones, were beaten in the 5th round by Mrs. O. C. Bristowe and Mrs. J. B. Walker; and others who entered the semi-final round were Miss Worsley and Miss Rudgard, Mrs. Latham Hall and Miss Gourlay, Mrs. Heaton and Miss Corlett. The winners were Miss Worsley and Miss G. Rudgard, who beat Mrs. J. Heaton and Miss E. Corlett by one hole

Photographs

MISS BAYLISS AND MRS. GARON

Topical

MISS GRIEG, MISS ENID WILSON, MISS M. J. MONKS, AND MISS N. E. NEVETT

(Continued from page 18.)

—a Monsieur Cavabien, shall we say?—and jointly and severally they participated as allies in a two-ball foursome twice round the nine-hole course: and in the fullness of time she presented her card at the office.

Dennett-Barry glanced at it—and went on with his work. Three times during the course of that day did the lady's chauffeur arrive, *chez* Monsieur le Directeur du Golfe, to inquire if the handicap could be awarded; and if so, what handicap? It was explained by the chauffeur that Madame was going to Paris on the morrow to play at St. Cloud, and that it was "beaucoup plus élégante d'avoir un handeecappe, n'est-ce pas?" Finally the lady was requested to step into the office: for this was the card:

Length.	Hole.	Bogey.	He.	She.	Length.	Hole.	Bogey.	He.	She.
420	1	5	15	15	420	10	5	14	17
300	2	4	7	12	300	11	4	12	13
320	3	4	11	12	320	12	4	10	12
325	4	5	9	10	225	13	5	11	11
130	5	3	9	7	130	14	3	5	10
270	6	4	10	10	270	15	4	10	11
320	7	4	10	13	320	16	4	12	13
330	8	5	6	13	330	17	5	9	10
225	9	4	6	9	225	18	4	10	11
2,640	—	38	83	101	—	—	38	93	108
				83					93
				184					201

201 + 184 = 385.

She explained, very sportingly, that this score did not include "courants d'air" (air shots), known also as "coups blanc" at Le Touquet. That she was *très émotionée* ce matin, or would have played better; and that she hoped Monsieur le Directeur would be "*sympathique,*" because she lost her way once in the sand dunes, "mais *complêtement,* M'sieur"!

Mark well the fact that they had each attacked the *same ball*: that at hole No. 1 he had given it 15 biffs, and she 15 also—and so on: and for ever after hold your peace about the lack of physical endurance of women. He gave her an "honorary handicap of 60"; and she departed in high delight and with "mille rémerciements."

But as Dennett-Barry says, with a rich chuckle, "C'est à la guerre comme à la guerre—hein?" And as if to emphasise this truism, a printed notice appears before the eyes of the gay world on the Starter's Box:

TO-DAY'S GREAT THOUGHT.
It is Easier to Replace the Turf
Than to Returf the Place.

And everyone laughs, and tees up, and replaces the turf—or not, as the case may be. And what does it matter anyway, for c'est la vie—hein? P.

"THE YELLOW MASK," that all-British play, has been transferred to another theatre. Let us all joyfully sing, "Here's a health unto His Majesty's"!

. . . . . .

WHO was it who wrote "Women would be very rich if they received royalties on all the stories they invented"?

"AS MOTHER USED TO MAKE IT"

Mother Bernle (Margaret Mann) summons her four sons, Joseph (James Hall), Franz (Francis X. Bushman, Jnr.), Johann (Charles Morton), and Andreas (George Meeker), to one of those dear old home-made meals. "The Four Sons," which is the title of this new William Fox production that has been an outstanding success in New York, are seen registering a happy mean of filial affection and hunger

The Eternal Boomerang

BY WILMOT LUNT

HE: "I love you"
SHE: "Really?"
HE: "But don't tell your husband"
SHE: "Why?"
HE: "It might get back to my wife"

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A famous cleric says there are no personalities to-day. He can never have heard any of those observations levelled by Socialist back-benchers at their opponents.

. . . . . .

An American says he does not know what is the matter with English theatrical audiences. We hazard the suggestion that many of them are suffering from "dry rot."

. . . . . .

Messenger Boy: "These flowers are to be given to Miss X at once. It's urgent."

Stage-door Keeper, reflectively: "Yes, it's her gent right enough!"

. . . . . .

A seasonable mem. for April lovers: In the Spring a young man's "fancy" lightly turns him down.

. . . . . .

A Liberal paper declares that at the next General Election "the Tories will raise the parrot cry of Protection." If so, it looks as though we shall have a "pretty Poll."

. . . . . .

"Before I give my consent to my daughter's engagement to you I must know if you are a business man. Could you lend me £1,000 without any security?"

"I could; but I won't."

"Take her, my boy!"

. . . . . .

King Amanullah, after his aerial trip over the Metropolis, declared his unbounded admiration for our city. Then why should a contemporary come out with the headline "King Looks Down on London?"

From a Provincial paper: "For his trip to the Gold Coast Mr. J. H. Thomas has taken a hundred boiled shorts." He must have a painful "running" account.

. . . . . .

Theatre managers are becoming more and more autocratic. It is actually stated that a certain management (which shall be nameless) has forbidden their male choristers from doing needlework whilst in the theatre.

. . . . . .

"Monte Carlo was topping," he remarked to his wife after his brief holiday, "just like Paradise regained."

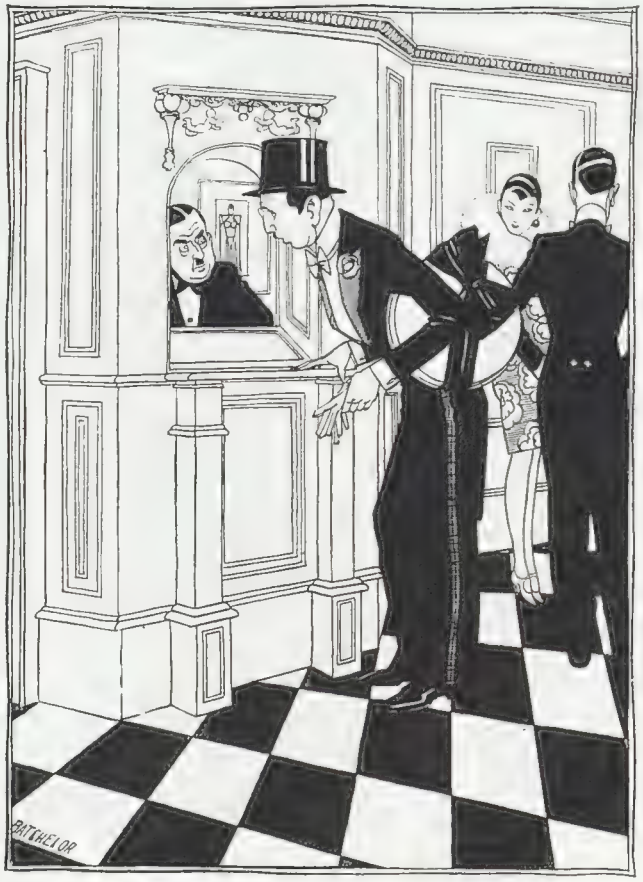
"P'raps, then, you can help me, Daddy," piped in his small son. "Last night I was playing about, and I've got a pair o' dice lost!"

. . . . . .

A correspondent wants to know the continuation of an old Latin rhyme. Here goes:—

"Amo, amas." "I love a lass."
"Amat," "My hat! he loves that cat!"
"Amamus," "We love pretty pets."
"Amatis," "Ye love bold brunettes."
"Amant." "They love, and are content.
To tell girls what they never meant!"

. . . . . .



By Batchelor

VERY FORWARD!

Smitten Youth: "I want a seat—the nearest you have to the back row of the chorus"

Stage Silhouettes

(Dame Ellen Terry. An affectionate tribute from The Bystander.)

Some rave about Miss Phyllis Dare
(A charming artiste, I'm aware),
Others declare with equal zest
That they will give Miss Edna "best."
There are admirers of Miss Thatcher,
Who loudly cry "Where can you match her?"
Others, who make a highbrow quibble,
Will eulogise Miss Thorndike (Sybil),
And rival clans will cry, "Good heavens!
Where can you equal Edith Evans?"
I only say that all are good,
And we should praise 'em, as we should.
But when their records we repeat,
Remembering each single feat
(Some there might be we would delete),
Don't we admit that by a street
Dame Terry had the whole lot beat?
And would not all those actresses, the lot of them,
Place on her head the laurel diadem?

BY G. E. STUDDY

"MY DOG TOOK THE BISCUIT"

"THE INV

BY WILMOT LUNT

VOCATION"

HAVE YOU TRIED YORK MILK

ROWNTREE'S NEW MILK CHOCOLATE

NEW SERIES

SEVEN SEDUCTIVE STREETS

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by A. K. MACDONALD*

No. II—THE PERPETUAL PANORAMA

"She is in another world"

IT took John Nash, architect to the nobility and gentry, ten years to build it, starting in 1811. It took us, with a confusion of vested interests and what modern language describes as a helofarow, a mere couple of years or so to hack it all down and set it up again on a more grandiose and rent-rolling scale. But they were an unhurried folk in those placid Regency days; and the London landlord had not got his fingers quite so tightly round the neck of the expostulating tenant.

One's first impression of Regent Street to-day from the Piccadilly Circus end is of a deep railway cutting through which omnibuses are reeling and rioting. The shop fronts seem stunted and lost under the sky-scraping immensity of the new buildings. One's second is that everyone with a monetary interest in any of these buildings has crammed as many rentable windows as possible into them, on the principle that "I'm here: you must pay for coming here."

But everyone home from abroad; every foreigner; every provincial; every feminine idler is drawn towards the culvert of Regent Street, if not definitely to buy something, nevertheless because it is a perpetual panorama of London's charming and ever-changing, but never wholly different personality. There is such a multitude of matters toward: such a maelstrom of movement: such an allurement, indefinable but obvious. It belongs by right of usage to no particular class, social creed or custom—the perpetual panorama is everyone's; and everybody is contributing to it most divertingly. Moreover, there is practically nothing you cannot buy in this seductive street, except meat and groceries. A butcher's shop in the middle of Regent Street, with a blue-coated cove chanting his little piece about "Buy-buy buy"! would seem as out of the picture as a pawnshop in a theatre foyer; moreover, his trade tarradiddles about the best-end-of-the-neck would be drowned in the general roar of adjacent movement, and he would not get on with it at all, poor man!

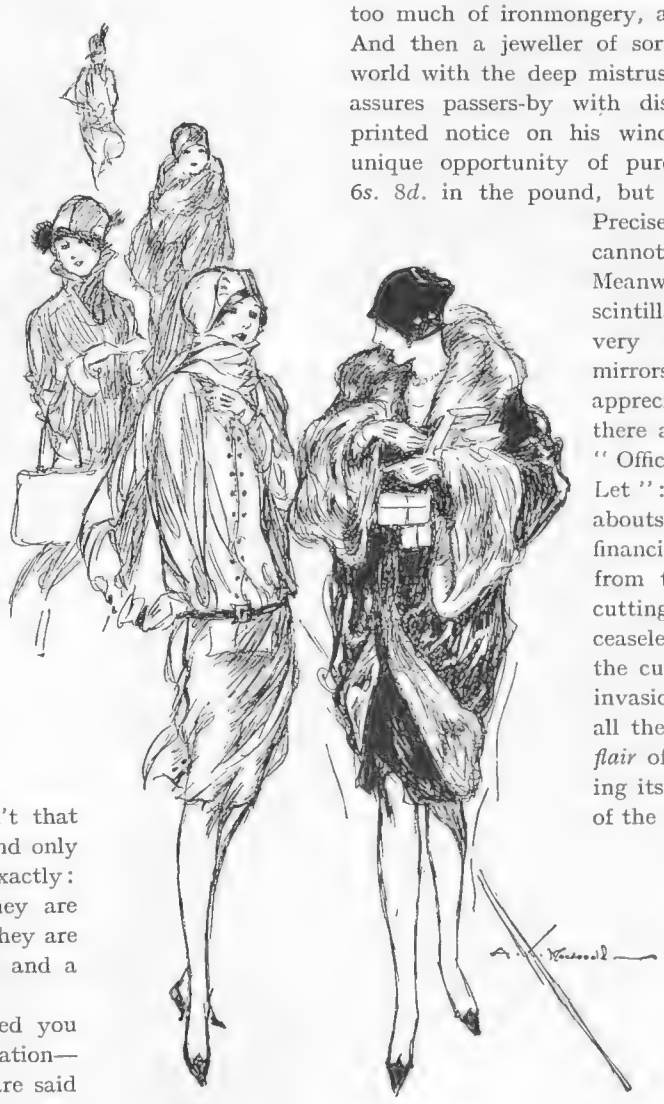
It is paramountly the place the Londoner will eventually find himself in on one of those leisured days when his wife has cajoled him out to "look at the shops a little." She sets out, as is well known, to do four definite things only. Are they not written down on one of his best envelopes (pinched)? She ends by doing fourteen. You follow, depressed, but well disciplined and therefore obedient. She wants, you will remember, to (1) Change the library books. (2) A pail to catch the drips from the bathroom geyser. (3) A piece of black petersham. (4) To choose some stuff for the new chair covers.

Everything except the library books—of which you are carrying four—fails her in your attractive residential neighbourhood: and there is nothing for it but to go "up West: they will have it there, of course." The trouble started in your local store, you will remember, over the black petersham. In the ribbon department the wisp of a saleswoman had said in an ice-cutting voice, "We haven't got any *black* petersham, Moddam." Implying that nobody but a congenital idot would ask for anything so grotesque. They have it in every other colour, of course. But *black*—great *Scot!* Her manner, however, towards the Moddamite is that of a sphinx towards a desert sand beetle: so the family honour is thus far maintained: and you drift towards the ironmongery department in the basement, with several stoppages *en route* to look at "rather sweet" things, "and really quite cheap too."

Every married woman adores an ironmongery department. All the fires of her domesticity flame up when she gets well away in one. The aluminium tins, for example, for tea, coffee, etc.: "Instead of those revolting tobacco tins of yours—and only 3*s.* 11*d.* each, dear." And the ducky little gadget for poaching the egg in for your breakfast—only 6*s.* 9*d.* The linen baskets which fit into corners of rooms, "the only kind *really*, from 27*s.* 6*d.*, and we can enter it." The mirrored medicine cupboard for the bathroom, 15*s.* 11*d.* Why not 16*s.* and have done with it? Down here there is invariably "*just* what we want for the kitchen." Though the kitchen seems all right to you: absolutely crawling with things whenever you dare

enter it. "Ah, but it isn't: you just don't *know*: you should see *other* people's kitchens and sculleries." God forbid! And when you have "entered" some more things you must entrain by lifts and tubes to Regent Street—"for they are sure to have it there." You have long since taken away the number you first thought of and are now in a semi-comatose state. But not she! An alertness and an air of thoughtful expectancy suffuse her whole being as you swing through the stations, westward ho!

If you desire, as a non-paying member of the male public (not otherwise), to see the daylight somnambulism of women, journey with any one of them towards the perpetual panorama and wander with them therein. Under the seductive influence of this street seventy-five per cent. of them will walk slap into a short-sighted old gentleman, broadside on, "I *beg* your pardon . . . Silly old man; really, some people are *maddening*, aren't they?" The spell is upon them; they are shop-struck. Ordinary but still quite enlightened conversation on your part is at a discount. "Really?" But she has not heard: not a word. She is in another world: a world of windows, ablaze, beckoning, beautiful. "Now isn't that a heavenly little frock? And only 12½ guineas: my colour exactly: a Paris model, too." They are always Paris models: and they are always "only" something and a half guineas.



"Moving sylph-like on its two pavements"

But when she has coerced you inside for close investigation—whew! . . . To you they are said to be "a find." To the *prima donna* of a black-satined saleswoman, who has in very truth advanced under full sail, regally and graciously at her behest, she is cold aloofness and scepticism personified, and she issues a curt order to "Show me what you have got," in a voice no man with even a credit balance at his tailor's—assuming such a thing possible—would ever dare to adopt. You can safely leave them together in one of these softly carpeted fastnesses for an hour or so. For you just won't exist, except to be clumsily and self-consciously in the way of the damsels who walk there with a half roll from what were in their mother's days the hips—a method of self-propulsion about the place that surely no mere customer could hope to imitate, if she wanted to.

Even to a man, released temporarily from the servitude of shopping, this promenade of the peoples of all the world can be an absorbing occupation. There are shops whose windows will beckon him irresistibly too. For example, he can see in one the compendium of all the clothing cabinets, which show his things neatly docketed away in their respective drawers and niches, in a far neater manner than any sane man could keep his clothes for twenty-four consecutive hours. Next door there is an intriguing knife and razor shop: and next door the picture of a ravishingly beautiful woman to be seen on a cinema screen ("Did she say an hour or an hour and a half?"). And beyond that a live man cooking at a real kitchen range—but this savours too much of ironmongery, and he passes it hurriedly. And then a jeweller of sorts who, eyeing the entire world with the deep mistrust of his kind, nevertheless assures passers-by with disarming frankness in the printed notice on his windows that they have "a unique opportunity of purchasing at a discount of 6*s*. 8*d*. in the pound, but for a short period only." Precisely: human benevolence cannot be stretched too far. Meanwhile he exhibits all his scintillating merchandise under very strong lights and many mirrors—the better that we can appreciate them, no doubt. And there are a significant number of "Offices and Showrooms To Be Let": evidence that even hereabouts certain people feel the financial draught that whistles from time to time through the cutting, despite its brilliance and ceaseless activity. There is also the curious aspect of the French invasion of Regent Street, with all the glitter and cheapness and *flair* of the Paris *magasin*, planting itself down here in the midst of the Anglo-Saxon shopping temperament, knowing full well that few Englishwomen can resist such palaces of possibility.

Wandering up one sparkling side and down another a man asks himself what exactly does Regent Street stand for in London's scheme of things? It is, put baldly, a street of fair clothes, jewels, and furs; colour poems in the windows; an avenue of luxury buying wherein rest for a space specimens of some of the world's richest treasures, which are gazed at rapturously by the passing millions and then disappear, who knows where? But it is more than that. It is a limb of London. Without its glamour and gaiety and practical alertness and the diversity of its scurrying, strolling creatures the greatest metropolis of the world would seem a sorely maimed city. Moreover, you can see here, moving sylph-like upon its two pavements, such very lovely women all day and every day and all the year. That one, for instance, in the mink coat, hailing a taxi; and this one, getting so gracefully out of that huge blue car; and the one with . . . . what time did she say at that tea-shop—four-thirty? D. L.

With the Camera at Two Point-to-Points

Photographs

LADY SHAFTESBURY AND HER DAUGHTER LADY MARY ASHLEY-COOPER

Alfieri

LADY GLYNNE AND MRS. YARDLEY IN THE PADDOCK

Two photographs taken at the Portman Hunt Point-to-Point at Hinton St. Mary, Sturminster Newton. Unfortunately the Clerk of the Weather proved far less competent than the Clerk of the Course

British Illus.

MR. AND MRS. BLAKELEY

Photographs

MR. EDMUNDSTONE (left), THE HON. PETER BEATTY AND MR. M. FIELD

Express Photos

MAJOR AND LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE

The jumping season has recently been in full swing and luckily the absence of that hard frost which so often puts in an unwelcome appearance in the early stages of the year to fulfil the rôle of unwanted Spoil Sport has enabled the many meetings which have been crowding on each other's heels to be carried out "according to plan." The above photographs were taken at the Portman Hunt Point-to-Point at Hinton St. Mary and the Oakley Hunt Point-to-Point at Riseley

P. and A.

MISS MADELINE LARK

Competitors and spectators at the Oakley Hunt Point-to-Point. It was held at Riseley, in Bedfordshire

The following article, together with a second which we shall publish in the near future, from the pen of the late Basil Macdonald Hastings, must be numbered among the last he wrote before his death. He was associated with The Bystander *for many years, and it is with a sense of real loss that we publish this article from one of our most noted contributors.*—Editor.

Marriages may now take place with the word "obey" left out of the service. All the young women, I am told, are beside themselves, and the prospective bridegrooms are going about with faces of gloom.

"What does it all mean?" asked the first young man of my family to come under the new Act, as it were.

"Well, first of all, take the honeymoon," I said. "In the old days the waking bridegroom would suggest ringing for early tea for two. This meant getting out of bed in the cold, because bells used to be placed by the fireplaces so that you could ring for help if you fell in the fire, or by doors so that you could ring them for joy when you were going from room to room."

"You didn't mind getting out in the cold, did you?"

"Not a bit, but, between you and me, I used to travel a billiard cue, and, by a little stretching, prod the bell-push without having to get out of bed. Of course, you may have the luck to have a bell over the bed. But do you think she'll let you use it? Certainly not. It is for her and not for you to decide when tea is to be sent for. Do you take her for a servant, a paid slave, a person who is to swallow tea just when you choose? No, no. That is at an end. Your wife will have tea at her own time."

"That won't worry me. I have a gargle of salt and water and chew an apple."

"How she'll love that. . . . But what will you do when you want breakfast?"

"I shall tell her I'm going down, and that's as far as she's concerned, she can please herself."

"Exactly. That's what we old 'uns used to say, and the girls liked it, or, if they didn't like it, they never complained."

"But what can be wrong about it now?"

"Don't you see you are giving her permission to come down when she likes. Giving her permission! She, who is not your paid servant, nor your bond slave, nor any of those sorts of menial occupations. You are behaving as if you expected her to obey you."

"Ghastly, isn't it? What on earth do you think she'll do?"

"Well, she won't want to get out of bed. No woman ever does. But, after an insult like that, she will. She'll come down with the wrong paint on her eyebrows sooner than not join you before your meal is finished."

"But I'd love her for that."

"Heavens! You mustn't do anything of the sort. She'll hate you fiercely if she thinks you are loving her for doing something which you didn't expect her to do."

The poor fellow held his head.

"I admit that it will all be frightfully complicated. I remember that a certain young husband at Algiers said: 'Go down and have a swim, shall we?' and his wife agreed. Now you daren't say that. It's too much like a command. Your wife would probable reply, 'I want to play lawn tennis,' and half an hour later you'd be battling with the fiercest heat in Northern Africa."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't. I'd say, 'Pat-ball for you, swim for me!' and promise to meet her at lunch."

"She won't be there. She'll go to the nearest end of the desert and find a subterranean den where she can feed on ginger-beer and water biscuits. You've deserted her, see?"

"We'd soon learn to live and take."

"My generation did, but I'm doubtful about yours. Once a modern woman needn't give, she'll have twice the time for taking."

I admit that to some extent I was teasing the young man. Women are such contrary creatures that, once they have accustomed themselves to the idea of not obeying, they will begin to obey.

Will the male reader hearken to what follows? . . . Your wife promised to obey you when you stood beside her at the altar, did she not? Very well.

"One cocktail is enough, my dear," you command when you take her out (to make up for something).

She lifts her eyebrows slightly, smiles, drains her glass, draws the waiter to her by the lift of a lovely shoulder, and orders: "Two orange blossoms, and more gin than orange."

Am I exaggerating? Isn't that the way they behave, these creatures who promised to obey?

Now the girl who has not promised to obey may have to face this sort of criticism at first:—

"Most beautiful, do you know that you have just discarded your tenth cigarette since lunch?"

She will at once light the eleventh, and you will have no redress.

A few months later you will catch her smoking in bed, and, knowing how bad it is for your adored one, you will snatch the lighted cigarette from her mouth and hurl it, together with the box, through the open window. There may be a "scene" then, but much more probably there will be just tears and mumbles about "father" or about "mummy."

Certain it is that in a few hours, if not there and then, the girl who had not promised to obey will stand before you with bent head and vow to reform.

"I don't deserve to be kissed." Who will say that, you or she?

By Moorsom

TRUE TO FORM

Excited Jeweller: "The burglar threw a brick through the window, seized a thousand pounds' worth of jewellery, and then made off in a stolen car"

Policeman (*thoughtfully*): "Wonder if he came by the brick honestly!"

By A. R. Cane

LIFE'S UPS AND DOWNS

"I understand that your wife thought of taking up Law before she married you"

"That is so. Now, however, she's content to lay it down!"

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME AT VALESCURE

MRS. CADELL, MRS. LEWIS, AND MAJOR CADELL

MRS. STREETER LAMBERT AND MRS. GUY MONDCREIFFE

Some of those who are enjoying their golf under sunny skies at the Valescure Golf Club, at Valescure, France. Mr. Fellows is the secretary of the Valescure Golf Club, and Mr. Cardell Martyn, Capt. Critchley, and Capt. C. M. Johnstone are well-known members of Sunningdale Golf Club

Photographs
MR. FELLOWS AND MRS. BELMONT

Sport and General
MR. CARDELL MARTYN, CAPT. CRITCHLEY, AND CAPT. C. M. JOHNSTONE

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis,

I am sorry to have to strike a solemn note in the midst of the rejoicings contained in the other pages, but the warning of Dr. Ruffier cannot remain unheeded. It applies to so many readers of The Bystander, and will, *sans contestation possible*, hold a particular dread for the ladies. Most of the "Bystanders," I take it, are owners of motor cars, and pass much of their leisure time therein. Well, Dr. Ruffier has discovered that motorists are becoming fatter and fatter, almost at the rate acquired by turkeys towards the end of December.

I do not know if Dr. Ruffier has been permitted to take "displacement" measurements of motorists before arriving at a conclusion which is most horrifying in a period when the autocrats of *La Mode* demand the slim silhouette of Diana, but I do know that he is a very learned authority, who would not indulge in such a grave pronouncement *à la légère*. One illuminating point he makes, for example, is that the trend towards *embonpoint* is not only due to over-riding, but also to over-eating. Motorists arrive at a *hôtellerie* with accentuated appetites, the stimulation having come from the whip of the air, and after consuming heartily they resume a loll in the air, thus accumulating *graisse* instead of muscle.

Apparently the only remedy is "to ride there and walk back." If not applied, some of those sheaths which the dressmakers flatter with the name of frocks will have to be cast aside for the jumble sales. Not even with a shoehorn will they be able to make the distance. And Dr. Ruffier's revelations ought to be brought to the notice of the manufacturers of motor cars. They are certainly not making seats for the "meaty." They appear to think that succeeding generations of motorists are "narrowing," to judge from the gradual reduction of seating allowance. Somebody once ruled in the House of Lords exactly how much space was required for *un bon placement* for a peeress in the galleries, and the peeresses disagreed, with becoming dignity, over the unsatisfactory number of the inches allotted. It is about time that the motorists also sat up in their own defence and insisted that designers of automobiles should cease to be so "repressive" in their tendencies and develop a broader outlook.

"The slim silhouette . . ."

"Motorists are becoming fatter and fatter"

For them there is much to be learned from the measures of our dear M. Chiappe, the ubiquitous Prefect of Police, who shows so much consideration in his ever-lengthening list of regulations—become necessary on account of the growing problem of movement in Paris. After laying down comprehensive rules for vehicles, he has framed a set for pedestrians, *le code du piéton*, which is designed to get them home safely in face of very great dangers. Obviously he is most kindly disposed towards the pedestrian, for, after declaring that the road is for vehicles, and the footpaths for *piétons*, he allows that the pedestrian may, under certain specified conditions, adventure on the road, but does not record, reciprocally, the right to a vehicle to gambol occasionally on the footpath. That is a distinct mark of favour.

The pedestrian knows where he is—and where he ought to stop.

IF he should be unfortunately compelled to aim at reaching the other side, he is paternally counselled to execute a flanking movement, particularly at squares. *Par exemple*, if an obstinate person insisted on going from the Ministry of Marine to the Automobile Club, separated only by about twenty yards of motor maelstrom, and could not be induced to abandon the project altogether, he is advised, in effect, to make a complet tour of the Place de la Concorde, amounting to about a quarter of a mile. No doubt this is in the interests of the newspapers. Numbers of people try to walk across death-traps like the place de l'Opéra while reading their *journal*. If they walk round the squares instead of across them they will need more newspapers—which, after all, are much better than coffins.

The only remedy is "to ride there and walk back"

THE only restrictive note in the *code du piéton* is that communicative promenaders are asked to refrain from gossiping with the policeman on point duty about the weather and such secondary topics as the way to the museums or cemeteries. Point-duty men are instructed not to reply. Taxi-drivers will look after those who want to go to the cemeteries. The sort of people who desire to visit museums ought not to be encouraged by social intercourse. It's a wise Prefect that knows the interests of his own city so thoroughly.

"The *petites danseuses* and the chorus girls"

THEY are telling a story in Paris about a famous instrumental quartette which recently made a very successful tour in England. At the final concert in London, say the story-tellers, a high official solemnly complimented the leader, and, desiring to say something which he thought would please him, remarked, "As a consequence of your success you will doubtless be able to increase the number of your musicians." It is a good enough story in its way, but when I heard the original version it concerned a string quartette from Paris who were playing in a neighbouring capital and who were complimented in these dubious terms by the local French Minister. I suppose the gentleman who decided to shift the blame on to the broad British shoulders took a leaf out of the book of the Frenchman who, hearing the uncomplimentary term, "taking French leave," employed in England, gave tit-for-tat by describing the same questionable operation in French as "*filer à l'Anglaise.*" As Marshal Foch says, there is nothing like attacking when you are supposed to be on the defensive. You get your blow home before your adversary has had a chance to get his second wind.

SOME residents of Paris are perpetually made the victims of stories which seem to have no other reason than jealousy, notably Cecile Sorel and Mistinguett. The latest to be put into circulation about Mistinguett is that the *petites danseuses* and the chorus-girls at the Moulin Rouge, where she is due to reappear as directrice, are asking, "Is *Grand'mère* really so severe as is reported?" Now Mlle. Mistinguett may have been the leading "star" of the Paris music-halls for twenty years, but, like Cécile Sorel, she is one of the youngest in spirit of the whole Paris stage, and it is a gratuitous insult to refer to her as Grandma. If some of these critics who set themselves up as wits possessed a tenth of her *verve* they might fill the very wide gap which at present exists between the veterans and those who should be coming up to fill their places. It seems rather absurd, as well as ungracious, to cast off the old love before there is a new one to try to cling to.

RENÉ.

An "Underground" Fair

Janet Jevons

MISS ELISSA LANDI

Already has a considerable following in the theatre. She has lately turned her attention to the screen, and is appearing with Brian Aherne in "Underground," Mr. Anthony Asquith's second venture into film production, which is now being "shot"

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C.F.H. 83

White Wings on a Sea of Blue

THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA AT CANNES

H.S.S.

SIRIS I

General Sir Arthur Paget's yacht hoisting anchor. She belongs to the Eight-metre class

Topical

AT THE HARBOUR

Lady Gore (left), Mme. Heriot and Mrs. Barklie Henry on the quay. Mme. Heriot recently received the Legion D'Honneur for her work in upholding the prestige of French yachting

Topical

BEFORE THE RACING

Commander Ratsey, R.N., and Mr. William Fyfe waiting to embark. Mr. Fyfe is the famous yacht designer

H.S.S.

A TRIPLE WINNER

Major C. H. Elmes' Ricom'sky leaving the harbour. She has enjoyed a very successful season this year, for she won a first and two thirds in five races in the 8·5 class

H.S.S.

A RELIABLE PERFORMER

General Sir Arthur Paget's Sonia with sail set. Sonia proved one of the most consistent performers in the Six-metre class, for in seven races she had two seconds, and only twice failed to be included in the first four

EXCEPT on the opening day, when the wind was so violent that many of the yachts became casualties, the first week of Cannes Regatta proved very enjoyable, and judging from the number of entries received its popularity has never been greater. In the six-metre class there were two occasions upon which twenty-one boats started—which must certainly be a record for the *Côte d'Azur* and a good many other coasts besides. International competition has been extraordinarily keen, and in the five classes from eight metres (the largest " class " racers) downwards, the comparatively small fleet of English yachts has been hard put to it to hold its own. The boats, moreover, have been so much on a par that one has won on one day and another on another, which all makes for sport.

The Riviera Week by Week

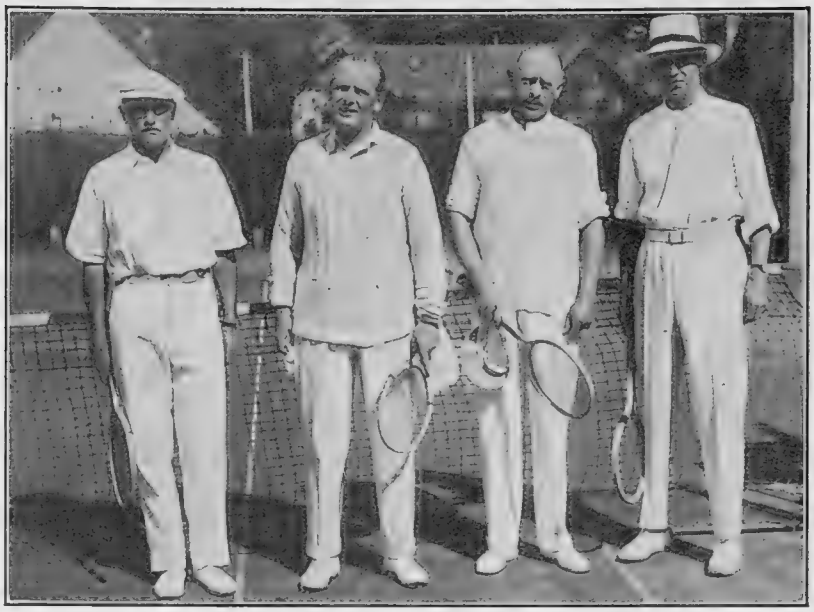
By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

IN ITALY *C. N. Daly*

General Sir Horace and Lady Smith-Dorrien at the tennis club at Bordighera. Lady Smith-Dorrien is a keen lawn tennis player

Most of the leading hotels along the Riviera report that every room has been reserved for the Easter holidays, and as the universities, schools and Parliaments, both English and French, will be taking their vacation just then, the pleasure resorts on the Mediterranean shores ought to be thronged with visitors. They will find plenty to amuse them, for the programmes of each town are well filled with sporting and other events, apart from the ample facilities for golf and tennis which are a feature of the Côte d'Azur. The existing golf clubs, by the way, are so liable to be overcrowded in mid-winter that many new golf courses are now being talked of, and would, in fact, be welcomed by the committees of the other clubs. The latest scheme is for a small but very sporting nine-hole course near the summit of Super-Cannes, and as it would be within a quarter of an hour of the centre of the town by the funiculaire railway it would soon become a very popular resort.

The open tournament for the championships of the Côte d'Azur at the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club was distinctly unlucky in the way of weather, and it was, in fact, the first of the many tournaments in Cannes this season to meet with such damp, disappointing days. The big tournament of the Beau-Site is just beginning, and as this is the fiftieth tournament on these courts, which are actually the oldest courts in the whole of France, having been constructed two years before those at Boulogne, everyone is hoping that so historic an event may receive its full share of sunshine. In the early days the Beau-Site courts were the scene of many famous encounters, in which such noted players as the brothers Renshaw, MacNamara, Arthur Stanley, H. S. Barlow, Simond, Gobert, Decuges, George Hillyard, Cazalet, Dwight, Ball, Green, Ritchie, Wilding, the brothers Allen took part, and others, such as Wallis Myers, Gordon Lowe, and Mrs. Lambert Chambers, who are still front-rank players. It was here that Suzanne Lenglen, as a girl of thirteen, made her first public appearance in a tournament in 1912. There will be large crowds of veterans during the week, all of them full of reminiscences and good humour.



Sport and General

THE BATTLE OF THE COURTS

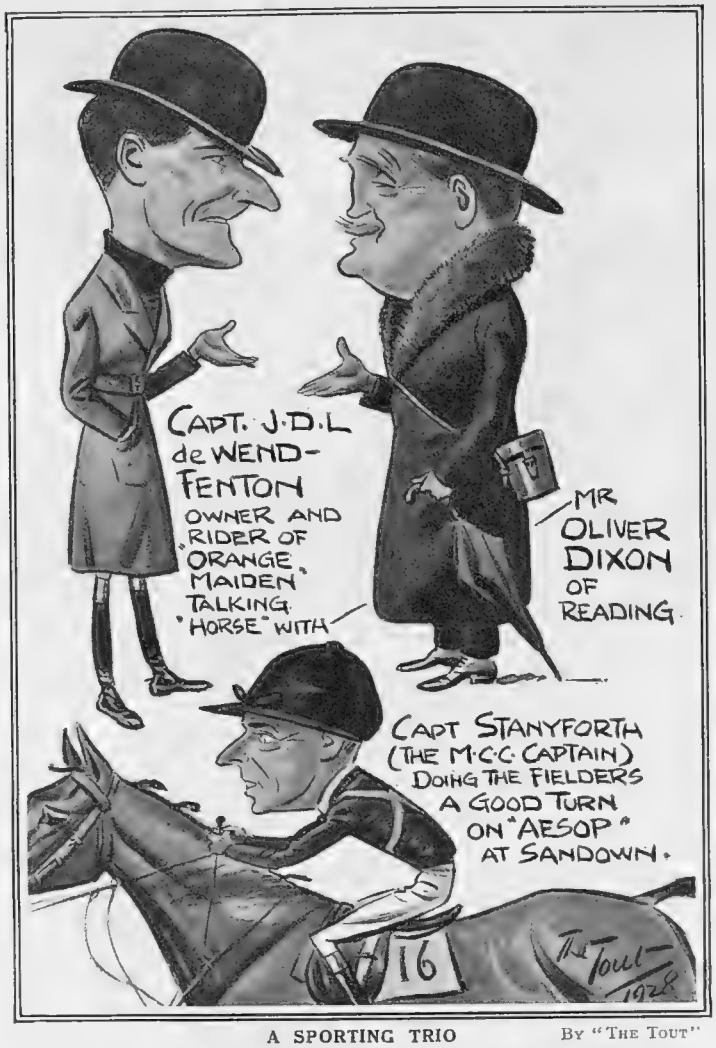
Mr. Brame Hillyard, Lord Roundway, General Sir George Stanistreet, and Mr. Scovel on the courts at Cannes. They met in the Men's Doubles in the recent International Tournament

AT BEAULIEU *C. N. Daly*

Lady Anne Wellesley (left), her brother, Lord Mornington, Miss Marjorie Scott, and Mrs. Macfarlane watch the tennis. Lady Anne and Lord Mornington have been staying with their grandmother at her Beaulieu residence, the Villa Gal

The finals of the Automobile Concours d'Elegance at Monte Carlo took place on a brilliant day and attracted a huge crowd. There were in all seventy cars, divided into eight classes, and as no fewer than eleven were each awarded a Grand Prix, while fourteen had a first prize each, and sixty-four in all received some kind of reward, all the competitors are supposed to have been satisfied except the unlucky half-dozen, who are no doubt wondering what they have done to merit such distinction. All the same, the capture of a Grand Prix at Monte Carlo apparently does not mean quite so much as it sounds. This event was followed by a hill-climbing contest on the stiff road which leads up to Mont Agel, a really thrilling affair always well worth watching.

Nice is now having its Automobile Week, with a big show in which the total value of the exhibits is said to be over ten million francs. It will be followed by the Automobile Week at Cannes, with speed contests which will take place along the Promenade de la Croisette.



A SPORTING TRIO By "The Tout"

Quite a large number of the horses running at Hunt and Point-to-Point meetings have passed through the hands of Mr. Oliver Dixon, the famous Reading dealer. Capt. de Wend-Fenton, who is in the 14/20th Hussars, is one of our most accomplished G.R.s, and Capt. Stanyforth is just as useful in the pigskin as he is with the willow

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

A Smart Novice

One of the most interesting features of the opening day of the flat-racing season was the success of the three-year-old colt Dark Lantern II on his first appearance on any racecourse. I chanced to be standing by the side of his owner, Mr. Boyd Davis, as the race was being run. He treated us to an ear-splitting recital of the progress of his colt. "There he is, bang in front," he shouted excitedly to his friends when the field had fairly settled down. A moment later he exclaimed: "I don't suppose he'll stay there right to the end, we want to see how fast he can really go." But as the race drew near to its close it was obvious that Dark Lantern II would not be overhauled. The excitement of his owner turned to frenzy, and he could scarcely contain himself as the colt cantered past the winning post five lengths to the good.

A Pretty Figure

Mr. Davis's thirteen-year-old daughter, a pretty figure in her tartan kilt, stockings, and tam o'shanter, and buckled shoes, led the winner into the unsaddling enclosure. Then the young lassie had to run the gauntlet of a shower of questions from Pressmen, who, scenting a "good story," wanted to know more about the colt. All the girl could tell them was: "He's trained at our place in Sussex." Now after the race I had a good look at Dark Lantern II, and he strikes me as being a colt who may easily make a big name for himself. He was bred and purchased in France. Both his sire and dam, Dark Legend and Shining Way, have names well known in racing, so the colt lacks for nothing in the way of breeding. In a "clever" stable he would certainly have been kept for a big coup. Although he was returned at 100 to 6 at Lincoln, I know that somebody was busy backing him in the ring. Later in the day some of the bookmakers told me they had laid much shorter prices about the colt than that at which he started.

Riding Successes

Another feature of the opening day at Lincoln was the double success gained by L. Cordell, the latest of Stanley Wootton's apprentices to force his way into the limelight. Every season we have fresh reason for realising that the Epsom trainer is in a class by himself in the art of teaching his apprentices the way they should go. I do not know what his secret is, but he has certainly been successful in producing more good jockeys than any other trainer of modern times Gordon Richards had a blank on the opening day, but he soon got into his stride and rode the Brocklesby winner. It is long odds on him repeating his performances of 1925 and 1927 by heading the list of winning jockeys. A leading trainer said to me at Lincoln: "Gordon was at my place riding gallops a few days ago. It was a treat to see the quiet and collected way he handled his horses. They all went better for him than they have ever gone before." Yes, Richards undoubtedly has the happy knack of getting the best out of his mounts, and I have seen him win on several horses who would scarcely gallop for other riders.

The Brocklesby

Congratulations to Mr. F. W. Wilmot, clever handicapper, good amateur rider, and busy clerk of the course at Lingfield, on his triumph on the Carholme. It is something of a performance for an owner to supply the winner of the Brocklesby after dividing the stakes in the preceding year. I dare say Murphy will turn out a better proposition for Mr. Wilmot than Tempting did, though the latter did win a race in the early summer and was recently sold at a nice price to go to Italy. Murphy looks like training on into a really good colt. His Lincoln success was most impressive. None of his rivals stood any chance with him. When he was unsaddled he hardly looked as though he had just had a race—a tribute to his trainer, "Ted" Gwilt. Things are invariably on the quiet side on the first two days of flat-racing, but betting was fairly brisk on several of the races at Lincoln. For example, the Batthyany Plate caused a good deal of money to change hands.

Queen's Prize

At Easter there will be the usual multiplicity of meetings both under Jockey Club and National Hunt rules. The big event on Monday will be the Queen's Prize at Kempton Park, a most attractive two-mile affair. I have a vivid recollection of this race last year. I had made up my mind that Ballynahinch was a good thing for it, and, despite his long price, I took a nice bet about him each way. And as I rarely like to leave the Manton stable out of the reckoning in these long races I also had a small wager on Tournesol at 20 to 1. Judge of my satisfaction when they came in first and second respectively. But an objection to my first string proved fatal, and you will remember that Tournesol got the race. Now, **Realm Park** appears to me to possess an equally good chance of winning this race and I make him my selection. Later in the week we have the Newbury Spring Cup, but I shall have another opportunity of dealing with that event.

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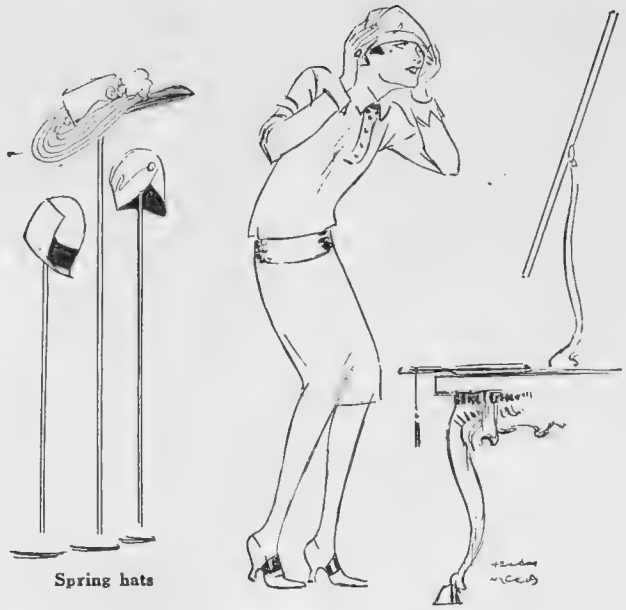
SPRING, POETS AND POVERTY

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*



Spring hats

London, *April 2.*

Dear Cousin,

Isn't it odd how things always seem to keep on happening so quickly, in Spring anyway, and it really is quite officially Spring now, you know, and been so for a week or so at least. As in truth can't help, anyway, guessing—can one?—even here in poor benighted London, where you have rather to look for the signs and portents and seek your first sight of primroses in a flower-seller's basket and your early violets in Solomon's shop-window. Not to mention, of course, Spring dress shows round Bond Street way, and seductive catalogues of Spring frocks and hats that some vernal breeze wafts through the letter-box—but not so convincing, however alluring, *n'est-ce pas?*

Spring and April—magic words that ring out like little tinkling bells, or little singing rills, crystal-clear, murmuring through moss-carpeted banks in a newly awakening wood. Some poet must have invented them one early April morning (as it might be this very one), when the smiling sun was up long before breakfast-time and there was a sort of heavenly clean-scented stillness everywhere, though—

"Sandwichmen with false moustaches"

The thrushes and the blackbirds
Were singing in the thorn:
The April flowers were singing
For joy of being born.

Probably quite poor that poet was — don't you think?—because, after all, the really rich don't often wander through woods and meadows round about sunrise, do they? Or any other time, for that matter, cars being more or less confined to the Rollsing road, so to speak. (When *I'm* really rich I think I'll have a 100 h.p. Tank . . . but no, that would crush the flowers and things, so perhaps I'll stay poor after all.) Also, never having to work really hard, the really rich—have you noticed?—are never somehow properly and completely idle, which you have to be, methinks, to do quite foolish things like inventing words, or even whole poems. Some consolations and compensations even in poverty, what?

And especially this Easter-time that now—yet another Spring shock!—is already right upon us—yea, at our very threshold, and very nice too. The very first holiday of the year, and not before it was needed either. Even by the poets, strange as it may seem—who most people appear to think live on air and admiration and, even possibly, perhaps selling their poety . . . I should smile. Don't know many (though I *do* buy their works), but one has a Government job, one reviews other people's poems, one edits a paper (so *his* poems are bound to get published all right, however

Or even perhaps selling their poetry

good), and yet another's—what do you think?—manager of a bank. (I wonder if he writes odes to people about their overdrafts or sonnets to suggest suitable investments?—but that's by the way.) None of them wears his hair *very* long, either, though one certainly does have a beardlet and looks rather like Shakespeare . . . that's the bank manager, of course.

World's workers all, anyway, and quite respectable, like you and me—there are no Francis Thompsons now, I don't believe. Not that for a moment I'm sure anyone'd ever dare even to breathe a whisper of suggestion to a real poet about how he ought to live, but I do think our poets to-day are happier now that the old Bohemian badness pose is *démodé*—that Paul Verlaine, for one, I'm sure, used to exaggerate terribly. And it hasn't killed inspiration, either, not one little bit; and while we've got, we

(*Continued on page 44*)

Easter, the first out-door holiday . . . "Got the tickets? . . . where's our porter . . . tuned the old bus up, and . . . improve my 'iron' shots . . . then from there to the inn at . . . Cheerio! Hope it keeps fine for you . . ."

(Continued from page 42)

ourselves, we prosaic Britons, Mr. Laurence Binyon, who wrote "For the Fallen":

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

Or Mr. John Masefield, with his immortal "Laugh and Be Merry":

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt o' the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played; and be you merry, my friends.

SPRING having arrived, lots of frocks and hats—did I mention it—have, of course, got to be bought, and, do you know, I've even heard of, not to say noticed, one or two *men* who've been at it, too . . . Believe me, dear cousin, I'm certain April sunshine's the perfectly good excuse for quite a lot of hay-making, 'sides our little modest excursions for the after all utterly indispensable necessaries of life. Which are so much more *difficult* for us, too, especially with the slimness mode still on; and what heroic sacrifices are made every day with the Tallulah recipe of pineapples and cutlets—no mere unprincipled chocolate-and-cream-cake-eating Sybarite of don't-care-if-I-do-flop variety will ever, ever realise.

"Primroses in a flower-seller's basket"

BEING thoroughly British we are—which reminds me of new all-British affairs, so-called and proudly, too, in the way of musical shows at the Lyceum, of all places. Though perhaps it's lucky it's there, and sailors and Lyceumites don't care, not much anyway, so long as you make a loud and cheerful noise, and *Lumber Love* certainly does *that*.

TALKING of which, by the way—plays, I mean—have just been reading rather sweet if audacious remarks of an American critic, Mr. Nathan by name, about things in that line, and, my word, you *would* scream. Fairly hands it out to them, he does, especially Mr. Noel Coward, whereof he says that he goes down into the street to find humanity and fetches back into the theatre—

> little more than stray clowns out of one-ring circuses, sandwichmen with false moustaches and policewomen disguised as honest street-walkers.

Also declares that the emotions of many of the younger British playwrights to-day "are those of wise and sophisticated and very clever bounders." Etcet. and so on. Somewhat crushing, is not it? but I daresay our British drama, and even our British dramatists, will just manage to survive.

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JUNE'S METHOD

"No woman," says June (who is now appearing in "Clowns in Clover" at the Adelphi Theatre), "is so gifted by nature with good looks in her youth that she can afford to neglect her beauty and fail to take proper precautions against dullness, coarseness, roughness and other blemishes that destroy the clear beauty of the skin. With an actress, of course, personal appearance is vital to her success. She *must* not allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show on her face."

"How are they to be avoided?" I asked.

"I think," replied June, "that the skin can be kept perfectly clear and fresh by the daily use of Two Creams. You want, in the first place, a cleansing cream that gets into the pores, and in the second place, a cream that can be used during the daytime to prevent the skin getting dry or roughened by exposure."

"What two creams do you use for this purpose?"

"For my night's cleansing I always use Pond's Cold Cream—during the day I use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Before I retire to rest, or perhaps occasionally after a long motor ride or any long exposure in the open air, I smooth Pond's Cold Cream into my *face, neck and hands*, taking it off after a few moments with a wad of cotton wool. I find it brings out impurities and leaves my skin looking wonderfully clear and refreshed no matter how tiring a day I have had. I think it is a good idea, if the skin is inclined to be dry, to leave a thin film of the cream on all night."

"With regard to Pond's Vanishing Cream," concluded June, "I find it is a very pleasant cream to use, because of its pleasant, refreshing odour and also because it disappears into the skin instantly. It gives the surface of the skin a very attractive appearance."

June.

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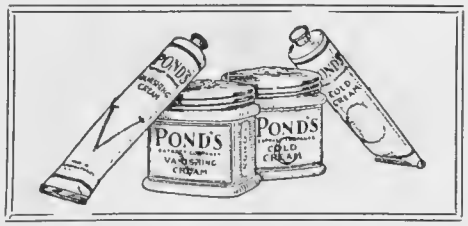

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ARMS AND THE WOMAN

Stanley Holloway, as a distinguished member of the lower deck, points out his well-earned badges to the lady of his heart (Ivy Tresmand) in a scene from "Hit the Deck." This breezy show is, appropriately, going great guns, at the London Hippodrome

Femina

MODERN FURNITURE

BY MRS M VINCE

WHEN Denry Machin, the Card, declined to ask the Countess for a second dance Mr. Arnold Bennett said to him, "He knew when to let well alone, a knowledge which is more precious than a knowledge of geography." I thought of Denry and his wisdom when I went to see an exhibition of modern furniture some little time ago. There was nothing there (if one excepts a bedroom which looked like a mausoleum for a profiteer) which had not something interesting and beautiful about it. Yet hardly one of the designers had known when to let well alone. They had all gone in for a second dance.

THE modern furniture has left altogether the traditional designs. Its outline and surfaces are much plainer. The carving, the panelling, and the cornices of the traditional designs have disappeared. Its best qualities are this, simplicity, its compactness, the lovely colouring and grain of the woods, and the excellent use which is made of the handles to give beauty and variety both in design and colour.

WHAT has been left out, however, had not only become by long use familiar to us, so that the eye misses it, but it served a purpose. The cornices of a wardrobe, for example, give it grace and lightness. They make it a piece of furniture, instead of simply a box in which to hang clothes. The modern designers have felt this. They realise that they must find something to take the place of what they have left out. It is in doing this that they have not always known when to let well alone. They have not been bold enough to trust to good shape and proportions, and to the new and beautiful woods, which in themselves give all the decoration needed.

THERE was a bedroom suite which would have been all the better if it had not been inlaid with ivorine in spots. There was another bedroom suite from which one could well have spared the coloured butterflies with which it was decorated. There was a beautiful sideboard, golden-brown in colour, which had no need of the green and silver squares with which it was inlaid in each corner. Yet another bedroom suite was inlaid with diagonal lines in ivory, but the designer had left one drawer plain, as if on purpose to show how much better it would have been to have no lines at all. Finally, there was a suite of French walnut, every piece of which was decorated with hand-carved fruit in their natural colours. Even the chairs had little garters of fruit on their legs!

ALL the notices on the furniture had small letters for the proper names. I am afraid that a good deal of originality is of that easy sort—the doing of something which has not been done before, because it was not worth doing. But in furniture-designing there is a worse originality—to do new things in disregard of the practical needs of the furniture.

THERE was one finely and simply designed sideboard, in light oak with black and white handles, but it had open shelves at each side. That is original—but it is not practical. There was a very graceful mirror which had strips of frosted glass on either side, with lights behind them—but those lights did not light the mirror. It may seem luxurious to have a dressing table so low that you can only sit at it on a low stool, but in fact, it is much more comfortable to have it of such a height that you can use an ordinary chair, and sit or stand as you like.

THERE were dining-room tables supported on two pedestals, and they made it clear that the designer has not yet found anything better to support a table than table legs; for the pedestals look too massive in themselves for the weight which they have to carry, and yet, at the same time, they make the table look less secure because they are placed under the middle instead of under the edge.

MISS DOROTHY MASSINGHAM

Who will play Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" with Stratford-on-Avon Festival Company during the Birthday Festival Season. This opens on Monday, April 9

THE worst of these practical mistakes was in a wardrobe. It was so high that the rod for dress-hangers was six feet nine inches from the ground. That is inconveniently high for anyone, and literally beyond the reach of a great many people! Yet in spite of such mistakes and such oddities as the fruit-garters on the chairs, no one could possibly look at such an exhibition of furniture without the pleasure of feeling how much good, distinctive, and really original furniture is being designed, even in an age which still believes that one best shows one's taste in furniture by having eighteenth-century imitations. The wise people buy the modern furniture, but the public does not hear of the modern designer until, as in the case of that great artist, Ernest Gimpson, his furniture has already become celebrated as "collectors' pieces." But the popular taste for imitations is indeed a hard thing for the modern designer to fight against.

"On the Reserve"

G. Mannell

MISS VERA WILSON AND MISS KEIRA TUSON

who combine in making this charming picture, are two members of the cast of "Lady Mary" at Daly's, who contribute in a decided manner towards the success of that very bright musical show. In addition to their dancing, Miss Wilson understudies Miss Dorothy Field as Lady Elizabeth, and Miss Tuson is the understudy of Miss Helen Gilliland in the name part

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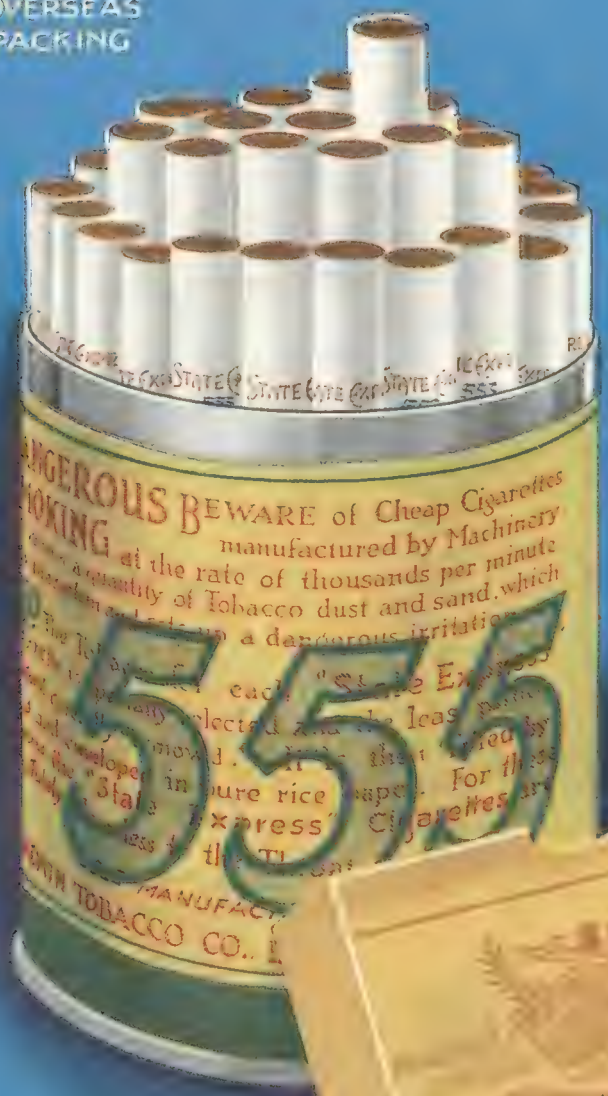

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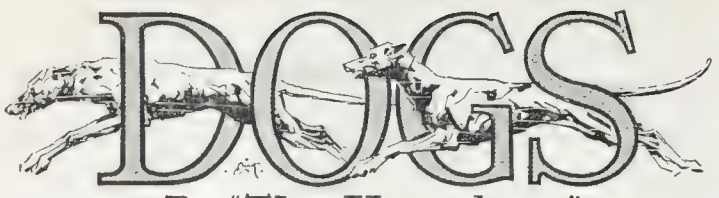

By "The Kennelman"

DOGGY folk form a biggish slice of the populace of London and the Home Counties. They should book as an engagement Kensington's great one-day Championship Show at the Crystal Palace on Thursday of next week. Bridgwater is one of the many country centres that chose Easter Monday for their Dog Shows. South Devon stages its next Show at Plymstock, close to Plymouth, on Saturday of this week. Portsmouth has arranged its Spring Show for April 25, and its Autumn Show for October 31.

On the subject of Shows "An Edinburgh Bystander" writes:—"I am not sure that Dog-lovers north of the Border ever have been much taken up with the Alsatian craze. I have an advertisement before me of a kind I have not seen for donkey's years. It announces that the British Alsatian Association Show in Inverness was 'abandoned owing to insufficient support'—a thing very noticeable in these days when, while Shows are three times more numerous than before the War, all alike seem welcomed and supported, as illustrating which, by the way, I have doggy friends in three different parts of Scotland who will be exhibiting at Cheltenham's big Show on April 25. It should be an attractive function; and I notice that, as with most of the best, including the Kennel Club fixtures, benching and feeding are entrusted to Spillers, to whose enterprise in practical research we breeders and fanciers owe a pretty big debt."

A correspondent in Herts betrays a sensitive conscience. She is pledged to make a present of a Dog to some young relatives whose home lies well within the Metropolitan cab radius—"and the trouble is their hearts are set upon a Cocker: 'A velvet-black Cocker with woppy ears.' I seem to recall advice from 'The Kennelman' last year against the choice of definitely sporting breeds for Town life, and fear this ought to ban the whole delightful Spaniel tribe." But no, dear and conscientious Madam, it's not so bad as that, which would be bad indeed for the thousands of Londoners who endorse E. V. L.'s verdict:—

"Of all the dogs that are so sweet,
The spaniel is the most complete;
Of all the spaniels, dearest far
The little loving Cockers are."

"The Kennelman's" advice was against the importation into Town of individuals of definitely working *strains*; not quite the same thing as working (or sporting) breeds. Put it in this way: The English people are a sporting *breed*, or race; the scions of three or four generations of Huntsmen or Gamekeepers in the Shires may fairly be called products of definitely sporting *strains*. A Town job need not spell hardship for every member of the race, especially when you catch him young; but for individuals of certain specialised strains it probably will. So with Dogs. There are plenty of fine young Cockers to be found (especially, perhaps, in Herts) whose immediate ancestors are not exactly of working strains, and who themselves can thoroughly enjoy life in Town—given rational care; the which boils down chiefly to a spare and measured dietary—no extras or snacks between meals—regular daily exercise, and hard, regular daily grooming.

The justly beloved "Spaniel-dawg" does undeniably tend, given half a chance, to lay on fat. He also loves to treat himself like a muffin; to toast over a hot fender. Once allowed to fatten and toast his natural joy in living soon departs. Therefore he must be steered clear of both. Then, given the daily grooming and exercise, he can be happy as a sand-boy in Town; albeit keenly appreciative of occasional week-ends and holidays in the country—like us.

For the full grown dog never by any chance more than two daily meals, please; and those spare in bulk; say, perhaps, a few ounces of raw lean meat at one, and a single Spillers' Cabin biscuit—they cost no more than others, though made for human consumption—for the other meal. Then all should be well for our so popular Master Cocker in Town, provided he is treated sensibly.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

PITFALLS OF A NO TRUMPER

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

EXCLUDING, of course, cast-iron certainties consisting of long, solid suits, you never can tell what may happen even to the most wonderful hands.

Good No Trumpers frequently go to pieces and bad ones often succeed. All may depend upon the opening lead or upon a finesse. I saw a player recently make a grand slam by a lucky finesse, and if the finesse had not come off he would not have made the odd trick.

Players who go down in their No Trump bids are frequently blamed by their partners quite wrongfully. Their calls may have been absolutely correct and Dummy may have given them some good cards. *But the two hands may not happen to fit.*

. . . . . .

Almost every No Trumper has its weak spot. It may be a matter of luck or judgment whether the opponents discover that weak spot in time or too late.

It is a pity to squeal and blame your partner if things go wrong.

A player held the following hand:—S.—A, Q, J. H.—K, x. D.—K, x. C.—A, K, Q, J, 10, x.

An excellent No Trumper! But he did not make the odd trick on it. Hearts were led by A and the Ace put up by his partner. B held seven Diamonds to the Queen, Jack, 10, and instead of returning Hearts led Queen of Diamonds, of which suit A held the Ace.

The result was that A and B made eight tricks (seven Diamonds and one Heart) and the No Trump bidder lost 100 points.

. . . . . .

Now here is a still more remarkable hand. Declarer held:—S.—A, 9, 6, 5. H.—A, J, 5. D.—A, K. C.—A, K, J, 9.

He called "Two No Trumps," and went down two tricks. It is true that his hundred Aces compensated for the loss, but it was an extraordinary hand to fail on.

Dummy held nothing of value but six Diamonds to the Jack, and he could not get him in.

This is only one of many examples of which I have records of good No Trumpers going wrong.

Conversely, among the instances of bad No Trumpers succeeding, I have the following:— —

B called "Two Spades." Z, a forward player, bid "Two No Trumps." He held: Ace, Queen of Spades only, seven Clubs headed by Queen, Jack, 10, and nothing else of value. His Dummy had Ace to three Clubs and no other court card. Spades were led, and Z took the first trick with his Queen and led a Club. The King of Clubs fell, and Z made nine tricks and game. If his opponents had known, they could have made eight tricks in Hearts and Diamonds before Z got in.

Again and again have I seen fluky No Trumpers, which did not deserve to succeed, come off, while good hands which looked on the face of them almost certainties have gone down.

The moral of all this is *not* that you should bid bad No Trumpers, but that you should never feel too cocksure of even the most promising-looking cards. The longer one plays Bridge the more one becomes aware of its many pitfalls. And, after all, the zest of the game lies in its glorious uncertainty.

MOTOR NOTES.

BASKING IN THE SUN

Two members of the fair sex photographed under sunny and leisurely conditions. Their car is a 20 h.p. model 70a Willys-Knight Standard Saloon, priced at £455

Two men were invited to a dinner in a neighbouring town, and as A had a car he motored his friend B down. On the way there was some obstruction of the petrol feed, and they were held up for some time before A discovered the cause of the trouble. No sooner had they arrived than they were met by the toast-master with the alarming news that they were down to respond to two of the toasts.

A was horrified, for he was not accustomed to speaking in public; he had a good command of language—but the wrong sort. His first impulse was to sneak off to the garage and leave his friend to walk back. However, he reflected that, as his speech was the last on the list, he had all the evening to think it out, and he braced himself for the ordeal.

He hadn't the remotest idea what to say, but he knew that if only he could be funny every other fault would be excused, and suddenly he had a briliant idea. He would dwell on his and B's keen desire to attend the dinner, and how they had motored forty miles on a wintry night to do so. This would quite naturally lead to a mention of his breakdown and would permit of a comic description of his non-motoring friend stamping about in the snow and making ridiculous guesses as to what had gone wrong. His friend hardly knew a spoke from a spanner, so there was no risk of his using the story in *his speech*, and, so far, no one else knew of it.

So A neglected his dinner to make notes—all centring round his funny story. What was his consternation and chagrin, when his friend was called upon, to hear an excellent speech based on a comic version of the incident from the passenger's point of view, and using all the points A had been counting on. As for technicalities, his friend got over the difficulty by saying that "a bit of something got into the thingummybob and prevented the petrol running into the what-d'ye-call-it—and so on. It was the speech of the evening. A's was not!

***

It is the almost invariable practice of manufacturers to announce a new model so soon as the first one is made, and then to keep agents and public waiting several months for the production models. In introducing their new "Segrave" model recently, the Hillman Company were wise to avoid this pitfall. When the car was announced on March 21 the first batch of 50 had already been completed; they were lined up at the works ready to be driven away. This is a daring policy, but the designers of the new Hillman were sure of their ground—the car was right and the price was right. Therefore they had no misgivings in getting a little stock in hand and making

(*Continued on page* iv)

A FINE EXAMPLE FROM THE RANGE OF 21 H.P. 6-CYLINDER

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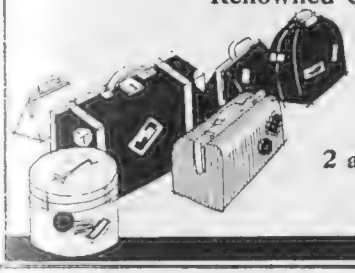

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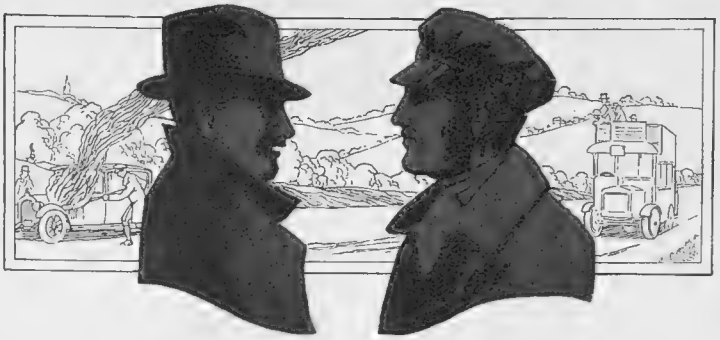

Motorist : "Thanks awfully, driver. She'd have burnt right out if you hadn't come to the rescue."

Bus Driver : "That's all right, sir. We put out quite a number of car fires. Lucky you weren't a couple of minutes later though, because it's only a half-hourly service."

Motorist : "It would have served me right, really. I've noticed the 'PYRENE' Fire Extinguisher on your 'buses, and have said for ages that I'd get one. Now I'll go straight off and buy it. I've already got their Bumpers."

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Telephone: Victoria 8592 (4 lines). *Telegrams: "Pyrenextin, Sowest, London."*

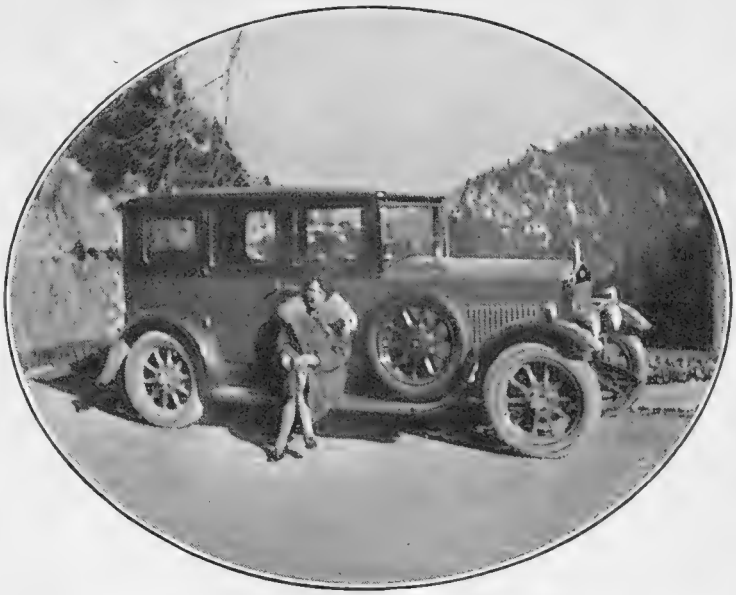
arrangements for early deliveries of increased quantities. They will reap the benefit of immediate sales and satisfied owners. This new car is a Weymann saloon of the "occasional four-seater" type, with one large window in each of the two wide doors, two folding rear seats, and a luggage container at the back. The price is £398.

* *
*

THE new altered island refuges for pedestrians are not always due to the efforts of fatherly local authorities. It will interest the general citizen to know most of them are due to the efforts of the Automobile Association, which has been successful in getting a number of new refuges erected and having others moved to sites more convenient for pedestrians crossing the road and less obstructive to traffic. This useful department of the Association's activities is evidence that the motorist, at least in the person of his official representative, is not so entirely selfish as he is sometimes made out to be nowadays.

* *
*

IT is not generally realised how some cars which are thought to be American are being increasingly made in this country. The Overland-Whippet four-cylinder, four-door saloon, a very popular model in this country, is a good example. The chassis is principally made in Canada, and the bodywork, except for a few steel pressings, almost entirely at the Heaton Chapel Works at Stockport. When I was at the works recently I was shown figures which reveal that of the retail selling price (recently reduced to £220) only 6 per cent. reaches America. Even of the 20 h.p. Willys-Knight, which is now £455, only 30 per cent. of the price returns to America.



IN THE ALPES MARITIME

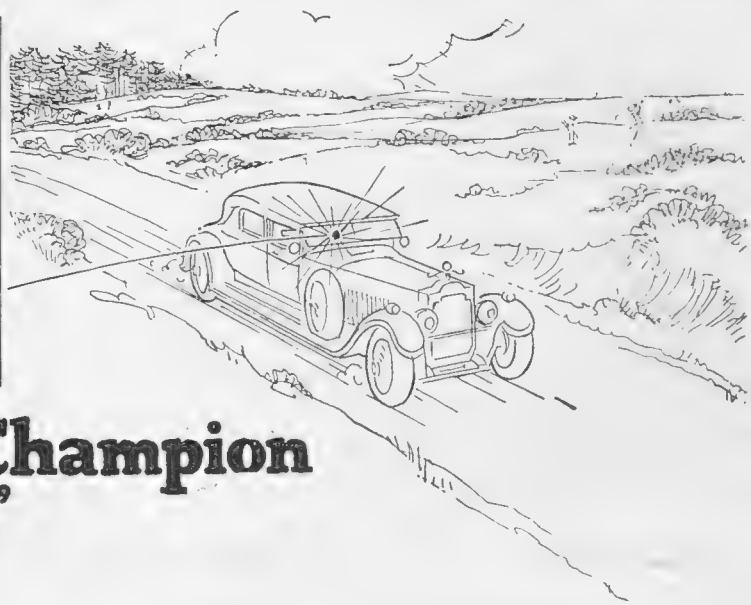
Madame Martine Duparc photographed with her 6-cylinder Wolseley, "Lady Jane Wolseley" at the top of Col de la Croix Haute. This is in the Alpes Maritime

"THROUGH Central Europe and the Balkans" is the title of a very attractively produced booklet that reaches me from Vauxhall Motors, Ltd. It is the account of a trip undertaken by Lieut.-Col. P. T. Etherton, author of "Across the Roof of the World," "In the Heart of Asia," etc., in one of the first of the new series of 20-60 h.p. six-cylinder Vauxhalls. The route totalled 6,000 miles throughout Central Europe and the Balkans, and was undertaken in conjunction with the Automobile Association with the object of investigating and reporting upon the motoring conditions in these countries, so that the A.A. might be in a position to inform and advise the visitor as to the procedure which entailed the least trouble and the smallest expense. The booklet is very interestingly written and illustrated, and is full of valuable descriptive matter, while the worthy part played by the car comes in for a specially favourable mention.

* *
*

I LEARN that Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., the well-known distributors of Daimler cars, have opened a new depot at 66, Church Road, Hove, and the expert services of their staff will be available for all Daimler owners in the county of Sussex.

E. M. WRIGHT.



Ex Amateur Golf Champion saved by "Triplex" (REGD)

REPRODUCED herewith is an actual photograph of the car of an ex-amateur golf champion, after an accident in which a golf ball struck his *Triplex* windscreen.

What cruel irony it would have been had such a famous golfer been injured—perhaps blinded—by the game at which he excels. Yet he would have been had he not with foresight had his car fitted with *Triplex*.

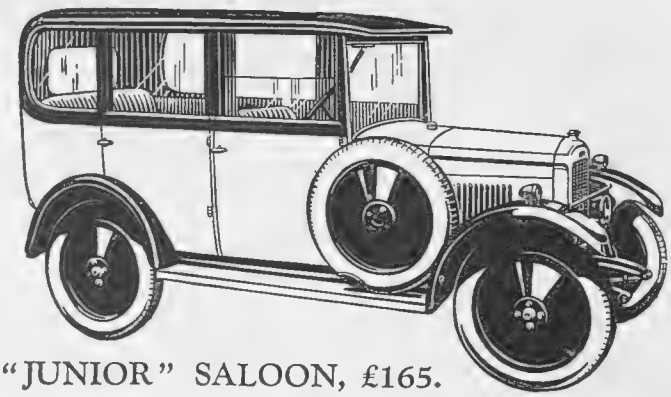
He is a wise man who insists on *Triplex*.

Fit "Triplex" and be Safe

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1; also The Triplex Safety Glass Co. of North America, Inc., Hoboken Terminal, Hoboken, N.J.

Everything you want—at a price you want to pay

WHEN you buy a SINGER you sacrifice nothing in appearance, quality or equipment. Every model represents the finest value money can buy. JUNIOR, SENIOR or SIX, each is the best car in its class.



"JUNIOR" SALOON, £165.

YOU can prove these facts for yourself—at our expense—if you will allow us to arrange with our local Agent to give you a trial run. This is the best way to find out the superiority of the SINGER, by practical test. May we arrange it?

"SENIOR" SALOON, £250.

Meanwhile, please write for the 1928 Catalogue, beautifully illustrated in colours. Post free from SINGER & CO. LTD., COVENTRY.

London Showrooms:
202, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.

"SIX" SALOON, £340.

SINGER

"A Car for every Purse & Purpose"

H.P.

A BYSTANDER *among the* BOOKS *by Ralph Straus*

I HAVE heard Miss Rose Macaulay unkindly described by one of her own sex as too clever by half. What, precisely, was meant I cannot say for certain, but I imagine that the words had reference to Miss Macaulay's unusualness. You cannot classify her stories very easily. They are not just witty satires on contemporary life, they are not just stories about highbrow life, they are not cinema-dramas written only for the Film Society or other similar bodies. Of their pungent wit, however, and of the whole mass of ideas to be found in their pages, there is no doubt at all. You cannot take up any one of her books without being amused by something particularly droll. At the same time you cannot take up any one of her books without finding yourself seriously considering half a dozen interesting matters which have never, somehow, greatly interested you before.

❋

THE new story, I am glad to say, is quite as delightful as any of its predecessors. I would go further, and say that *Keeping up Appearances* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is probably the most brilliant book she has written. It has the usual satire and wit—for the most part directed against our wonderful modern Press—and it has a pleasantly unusual love-story, but it also illustrates in a new kind of way what a large number of different people can exist beneath the same skin. You look at yourself in a mirror, and there you see the only creature who has any legitimate claims to be you; but if you think awhile you will probably realise that that noble-looking person in the glass can be divided at any rate into two. There is you as you really are, but—be honest—there is also you as you would like to believe you are: a very different and much nicer person. And, if you will give the matter your consideration for a little longer, it is more than likely that you will discover two or three other "yous" who come and go and lead you into all manner of sorrows and also joys.

So it is with Miss Daisy Simpson, who is the illegitimate daughter of a common but very jolly woman with a common and very jolly and legitimate family of her own. All is well until she falls in love with a man whose family is not common at all. Then a new creature called Daphne emerges. But when Daisy (with Daphne to help her a little perhaps) finds herself able to write popular novels of the *Not All for Love* order, a third person called Marjorie makes her appearance. In these circumstances you are not altogether surprised to find that the love-affair is not quite so successful as it might be. Daphne is delightful, but there are points about Daisy and Marjorie which even the most placid of biologists like Raymond cannot wholly ignore. The book is a joy to read. What editors of newspapers will think of it I dare not attempt to imagine, but everybody else will be grateful to Miss Macaulay for so splendid an entertainment. Incidentally, they may be amused at the number of extraordinary words; but I hear that Miss Macaulay (like less gifted people) has been known to spend some of her time in solving cross-word puzzles, and at long last I begin to see that they may have their uses after all.

Our New Weekly

FLYING FEATURE

"takes off" on APRIL 18th
with a Special Supplement in

COLOUR and BLACK and WHITE.

Air Vice-Marshal
SIR W. SEFTON BRANCKER, K.C.B., A.F.C.,
Director of Civil Aviation, will pilot the trial flight of this new feature with a special article.

LADY (ABE) BAILEY will contribute an article on
FLYING FOR WOMEN.

I PASS from one polite satirist to another. Miss Macaulay castigates the Press; Mr. A. P. Herbert (with even more curious words to his credit) pokes fun at the modern society young woman whose Press photographs, so to speak, are her only support. *The Trials of Topsy* (Benn: 6*s.* net) is the most gorgeous fooling from beginning to end. For one brief moment you may wonder a little at A. P. H. allowing himself to copy the methods of Miss Anita Loos, but you need have no fears. Before Lady Topsy Trout has finished her first letter to her friend Trix, you know that all will be more than well.

❋

TOPSY, indeed, must be read to be believed. She is as delectably unexpected as her vocabulary. She is as full of good deeds as the Salvation Army. She has a working philosophy which should be especially recommended to politicians, and she has even greater luck than most other adorable young women who know how to dress, with her young man. Mr. Haddock is admittedly in a difficult position, for the Topsys of this world are not to be easily won, but he plays his cards with consummate skill, and you rejoice wholeheartedly when he obtains his reward. It is Topsy, too, who helps him into Parliament. Unfortunately, in her last letter we hear that there is likely to be a petition against him. But in that case it is almost certain that Topsy herself will be allowed to take his place, and so all will be well. The last of these inimitable letters, by the way, is entitled "End of Act One," which suggests that we may not have heard the last of Mr. Haddock's wife. If that be true, it is as good a piece of news as I have heard for some time.

❋

IN *Mysteries of History* (Faber and Gwyer: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. C. J. S. Thompson chats cheerily enough about various curious affairs which at one time or another have given the historians some trouble. He writes very smoothly, and his chapters make agreeable reading, but it is rather a pity that so many of his subjects should have been treated before—a great number of them, too, very recently indeed. It would be different if he had much that was new to say, but this is not so. But although we are with very old friends when D'Eon or St. Germain or Cagliostro are on the stage, Mr. Thompson is venturing on less familiar ground when he deals with the deaths of some of our earlier kings, or that queer superstition called the Royal Touch, and he is on quite new ground when he tells the story of Mary Toft, who two hundred years ago was solemnly announcing to a startled world that she could give birth to rabbits at will.

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IN THE TOWN—never mind the gears: big power at low speeds will carry you along. **ON THE HILLS**—ascending, an ample engine and a four-speed box give power with speed—descending, the finest mechanical type brakes yet made give absolute security. **ALONG THE FAVOURABLE STRETCH**—a speed of 60 m.p.h.—and more. **PAST A SLOW-MOVING OBSTACLE**—rapid acceleration through an ideal third-speed gear. **OVER THE BUMPY ROAD**—no need to slow down, for the deflection of the springs is predicted—not guessed. **ROUND THE ACUTE BEND**—no 'rolling,' because of spring construction. **IN AN EMERGENCY**—a touch of the foot brings the car to a standstill from 60 m.p.h in 125 feet, 50 miles in 93 feet, 40 miles in 50 feet, 30 miles in 28 feet, 20 miles in 14 feet. **THROUGH THE WATER SPLASH**—a nine-inch ground clearance. **ON A LONG RUN**—there is no sense of fatigue. The steering is light, gear changing infrequent and simple; ample elbow room, ample leg room. Soft cushions and that ideal springing which makes fifty miles seem like twenty. Smoothness, swiftness and silence. **EVERYWHERE**—the car's graceful lines and distinctive appearance are admired.
Withal there is economy; at least 280 miles in the 14-gallon petrol tank and 1000 miles to the gallon of oil.

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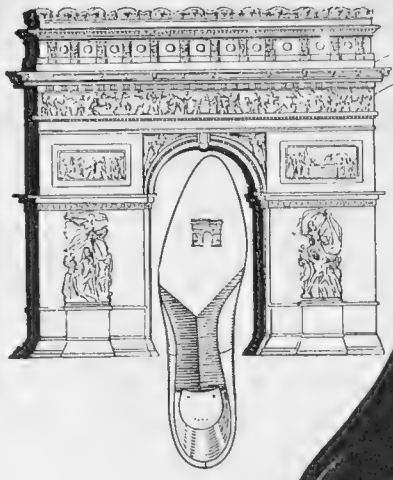

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NEW
BATHING
COMBINAIRES

Messrs. Harvey Nichols & Co., having just completed the reorganisation of their Corset Department, have secured the services of a Buyer of excellent experience in up-to-date Corseterie, under whose personal supervision the making and fitting of all Corsets will in future be most carefully carried out.

Their stock is now replete with all the newest models, no effort being spared to produce these at the lowest possible price compatible with first-class workmanship.

The Mermaid Bathing Combinaire *made in a strong open net which gives to the figure, allowing movement for swimming, with elastic at knee to prevent garment slipping up.*

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

An attractive three-piece, carried out in pure natural cashmere and striped and bordered with spun silk in various colourings. (MacDonalds, Ltd., 21 to 31, Buchanan Street, Glasgow)

This delightful box-pleated sports skirt is made of MacGregor tartan and is procurable in tartans of all the leading clans. Adaptable to any figure and most becoming. (MacDonalds, Ltd.)

the famous outfitters of 21, 31, Buchanan Street, Glasgow—the firm whose name has been for over a hundred years associated with perfect service and goods that speak Fashion's last word in terms of the highest quality. See their box-pleated sports skirt sketched on this page (3½ guineas) which, procurable in all the leading clan and dress tartans, is stocked in all sizes and adaptable to any figure. Or a regulation kilt, also most attractive for sports wear, is obtainable for 5 guineas. They are also responsible for "The Melrose" (£6 19s. 6d.), sketched on the left, a three-piece, carried out in pure natural cashmere, and striped and bordered with spun silk in various colourings.

A New Note in Jumpers

THERE is probably no item of Feminine attire that has undergone such metamorphosis of recent years as the Sports Jumper, originally designed on purely practical lines to meet the needs of those who took their sport seriously. Though no less practical to-day, these follow closely the trend of Fashion, and into many of the Season's new models a metal weave is introduced; horizontal stripes find universal favour, whilst neck lines are "infinite in their variety," the Eton collar or square neck, cut fairly high, being mostly preferred. It comes as a pleasant surprise to the Feminine Contingent when they are making purchases for their Male Belongings at Messrs. Turnbull and Asser, 71, Jermyn Street, S.W., to find that they themselves can be served with the most attractive of sports jumpers; or make a choice from a really marvellous selection of dressing gowns, in every imaginable colour and design; in printed velvets and other alluring fabrics. Of the two jumpers sketched, one is of soft natural cashmere, striped with various colours; the other, of spun silk in a pastel shade, has effectively contrasted borders.

The latest in sports jumpers! Natural cashmere, with coloured stripes (above) and spun silk in various pastel shades, with contrasting borders (below). (From Messrs. Turnbull and Asser, 71, Jermyn St., S.W.1)

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Sports Clothes

IT may be that we have to thank Paris for introducing a brighter note into sports clothes; but it is usually the British designer who interprets all that's up to date into the practical styles, which alone are suited to a nation of sportswomen! To-day it is checks and stripes that strike a new note in the world of sport, or borders of contrasting colours on jumpers and cardigans, whilst scarves and stockings, even the gaily-coloured handkerchief that peeps from a pocket, all help towards an attractive *ensemble*.

A Hundred Years of Work and Progress

A LUXURIOUS restaurant, a perfectly equipped hairdressing department, coffee lounge, tea rooms, writing rooms, etc., are some of the many magnificent additions to the premises of MacDonalds,

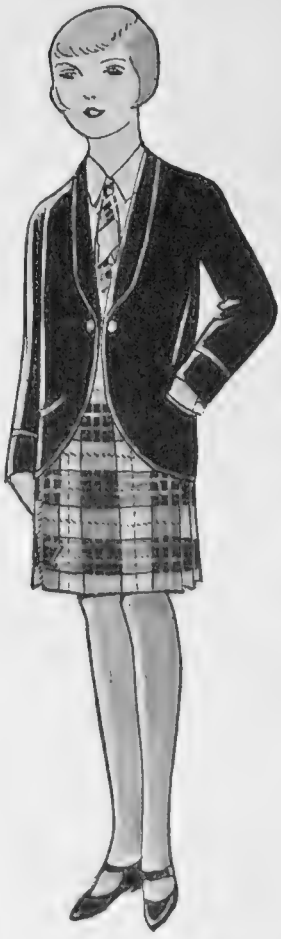
A smart, practical outfit that meets the need of land-workers. (Messrs. Paisley, 72-96, Jamaica Street, Glasgow)

Becoming Highland Costumes

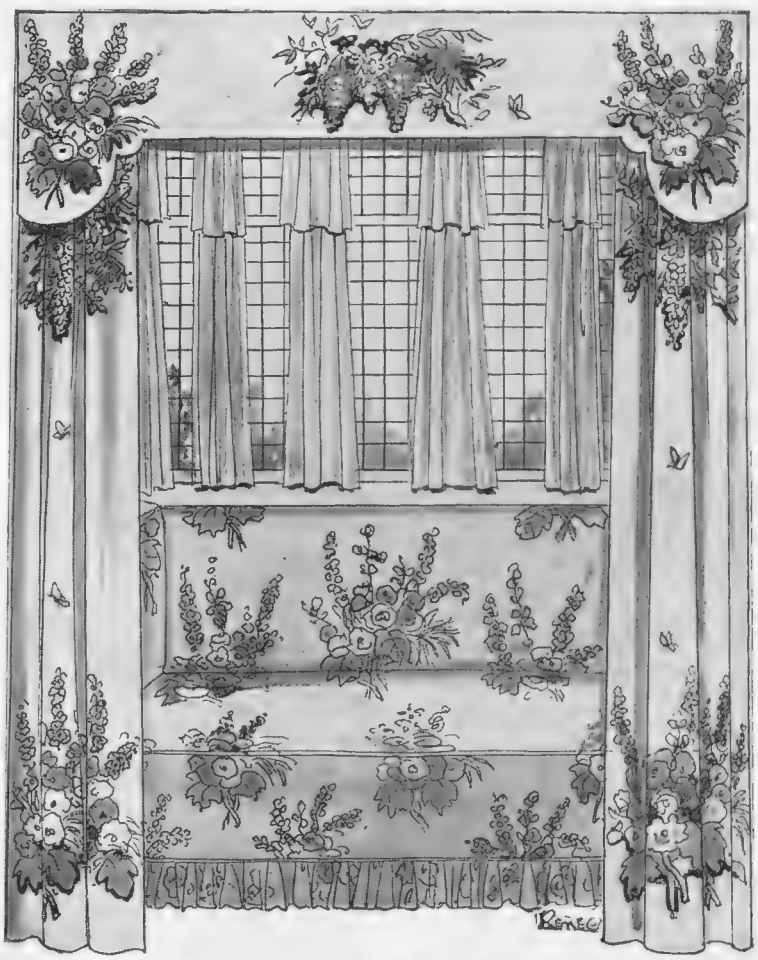
THERE is no style of dress more becoming to either sex than the Highland one, and it is with a view to meeting the needs of a smart and serviceable outfit for girls of school ages that Messrs. Paisley, 72-96, Jamaica Street, Glasgow, specialists in Highland costume, have designed the delightful model sketched — "The Braemar." Velvet jackets are priced from £2 according to size, and kilts, carried out, of course, in regulation clan tartan, from £1 12*s*. Another of their smart practical outfits, suitable for riding, etc., is particularly adapted to the needs of land-workers and dwellers in the Colonies, and consists of coat, breeches, gaiters, and hat carried out in cotton gaberdine, drill or Bedford cord at prices that range from 14*s*. for coats, 12*s*. for breeches, and 4*s*. 3*d*. for hats, according to the material chosen.

Window Treatment Up to Date

WITH the approach of summer, window treatment becomes all-important in the scheme of decoration, and at Messrs. Williamson and Cole, High Street, Clapham, there is a large choice, needless to say, of all that is new and artistic. The treatment depicted in the sketch is carried out with curtains of Newlyn rep, shot with old gold and soft lavender blue, on which are *appliqué* in natural colourings bouquets of wisteria, hollyhocks, and sunflowers. For the seat Hollyhock Bouquet cretonne is used, and casement curtains of imperial art. silk *jaspé*, in a soft shade of blue, complete a scheme that breathes the very spirit of summer. That a beautiful home need not necessarily be an expensive proposition is fully proved by the prices this enterprising firm quotes. For the curtains, lined with hand-slipped casement cloth to tone, cost £4 19s. 6d. a pair, the cretonne, 50 inches in width, is priced at 6*s*. 11*d*. a yard, and the art. silk used for the casement curtains at 4*s*. 11*d*. And this, of course, is only one of many suggested treatments actually on view in their luxurious showrooms, so that customers can judge for themselves of the charming effect.



"The Braemar" costume has a velvet jacket and a kilt of regulation Clan tartan. (Messrs. Paisley)



One of the many new and artistic window treatments to be viewed at Messrs. Williamson and Cole, 26-30, High Street, Clapham

Sketches by Renée

Say it with Shortbread!

QUITE one of the nicest ways of conveying good wishes, especially by means of Galbraith's Ayr shortbread, which can take the form of oblong cakes, packed in tins containing from one to six cakes, from 3*s*. 1*d*. — or Pitcaithly Bannocks (shortbread with almond and peel added) in tins containing either one or two cakes, from 3*s*. 4*d*.—or Shortbread Fingers in 3*s*. 9*d*. and 5*s*. 3*d*. tins, all of which prices include postage. Messrs. Galbraith, 80-82, High Street, Ayr, specialise, too, among other dainties, in the most delicious wedding, Christmas, and birthday cakes —indeed, in everything good to eat. Why not write for their catalogue?

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by the RANCHI 16,600 tons

Cruise	Sailing	ITINERARY	Days	Fares from
A	May 3	To Malaga, Cagliari (Sardinia), Naples, Messina (for Taormina), Rhodes, Famagusta, Mitylene, Constantinople, Athens, Malta and Tangier.	28	*58 GNS.
B	June 1	To Lisbon, Palma (Majorca), Naples, Palermo (Sicily), Cagliari (Sardinia), Algiers, Malaga and Vigo.	17	*48 GNS.
C	June 19	To Lisbon, Tangier, Barcelona, Monaco, Ajaccio (Corsica), Cagliari (Sardinia), Palma (Majorca) and Gibraltar.	17	*33 GNS.
D	July 7	London and Leith to the Norwegian Fjords, including Molde, Aandalsnes, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Olden, Loen, Balholm, Mundal, Laerdal and Bergen.	13	20 GNS.
E	July 21	London and Leith to the Fjords, including Ulvik, Molde, Aandalsnes, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Olden, Loen, Balholm, Laerdal and Bergen.	13	*40 GNS.
F	Aug. 4	To Norheimsund, Tysse, Bergen, Oslo, Copenhagen, Bornholm, Helsingfors, Stockholm, Visby (weather permitting; if not, Gothenburg) and Rotterdam.	19	30 GNS.
G	Aug. 24	To Lisbon, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Palma (Majorca), Algiers and Vigo.	14	*37 GNS.
H	Sept. 8	To Algiers, Cagliari (Sardinia), Naples, Messina (for Taormina), Dubrovnik (Ragusa), Curzola, Split (Spalato), Trogir (Trau), Zara, Venice, Corfu, Malta, Tangier and Vigo.	27	45 GNS.

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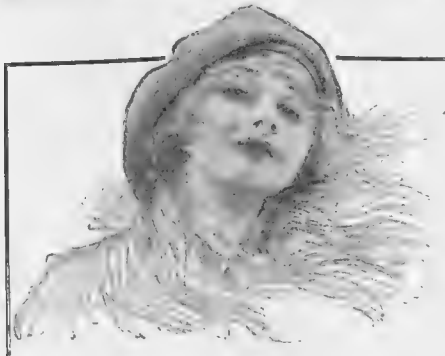

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A complexion which looks well under all circumstances of wind or weather is an asset both for the sake of appearance and comfort, but the complexion left entirely to soap and water can never achieve this. A reliable emollient is essential to protect even the most perfect skin

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From all Chemists and Stores, or direct from:—

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Common Sense points the way to beautiful teeth

Calvert's for Dentures too

Use powder—dry powder—to burnish and freshen your denture. Common Sense tells you this and tells you it must be Calvert's because Calvert's is so smooth it cannot scratch the gold.

Have you met old Common Sense? He is a character from the Treasure Cave Booklet. Ask your chemist for a copy when you buy your next tin of "Calvert's."

COMMON Sense rules and regulates most of our habits. Let us listen then to his advice when he tells us that the secret of beautiful teeth lies in the polishing, and the right way to polish, as everyone knows, is with powder—dry powder

Now what Common Sense requires, Calvert's powder provides—a powder that cleans easily and smoothly and polishes to perfection—a powder too fine to scratch or injure the enamel of the teeth—an antiseptic powder delightfully refreshing and distinctly economical to use.

What easier way to beautiful teeth can you get?

Calvert's CARBOLIC Tooth Powder

The Common Sense Dentifrice.

SOLD EVERYWHERE in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 TINS

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Little Cadogan Place,
S.W.1.

At Frascati's

The Foyer at Frascati's famous restaurant has recently been greatly enlarged by the removal of the buffet and the setting back of the office, and now covers the whole of the front of the building on the western side. The scheme of decoration is of Eastern character. The walls are of dove-coloured marble with decorative panels over the mirrors; the columns are gilt on black marble bases. The screen to the office and the supports carrying the black marble console tables are of richly designed hand-wrought ironwork. The white and black marble floors with fawn background carpets show up the beautifully carved and enriched chairs of plain walnut, also the settees covered in peacock-blue silk, and, by mechanical contrivances similar to those in a motor car, all windows along the front, including the grill, can be lowered to meet weather conditions. The Foyer is illuminated by two chased glass electroliers of unique colouring and design, together with four small metal pedestal lamps placed on the two console tables. The Vestibule to the Winter Garden has also been reconstructed and remodelled.

THE NEW FOYER AT FRASCATI'S

Everyman's Library

There have been some recent additions to the Everyman's Library, that really excellent series of little books which appear from time to time from the house of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. These include two cloth-bound volumes of "A Dictionary of Quotations and Proverbs," which should prove a really valuable asset to any reference library. These two volumes, which are Nos. 809 and 810 in the series, are published at 2s. 6d. each, and in addition to other features contain a very handy alphabet of proverbs. Travel and topography is represented by Sir John Mandeville's "Travels," with an introduction by Jules Bramont (No. 812), and essays and Belles Lettres are enriched by an edition of Castiglione's "The Courtier," translated by Sir Thomas Hoby (No. 807), who first published this work in 1561. A most interesting introduction by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse gives added value to the book. These two books are published at 2s. each, as are a copyright edition of Charles Darwin's "The Origin of Species," with an introduction by Sir Arthur Keith, which is No. 811 in the series, and Gustave Flaubert's "Madame Bovery." Flaubert's first novel has been translated by E. Marx-Aveling, and Professor G. Saintsbury has penned the introduction. The publishers are to be congratulated on keeping up the very high standard which we have come to associate with any volume appearing in the Everyman's Library series.

A RAILWAY POSTER EXHIBITION

A delightful poster of Cruden Bay by Frank H. Mason. This was one of the exhibits at the L.N.E.R.'s recent exhibition of Railway Poster Art at the Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, Piccadilly. This was the first exhibition of its kind

James R. Ogden & Sons Ltd. of London & Harrogate
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Some Beauty Secrets
By MIMOSA

My advice to smart women who demand the very best results is to leave most toilet preparations alone. When facial applications are necessary, get only the pure ingredients just as they come to the chemist himself. I will tell you in this column, from time to time, just what to get and how to use it. Do not be persuaded into buying some cheap toilet preparation. Any chemist can supply you with genuine concentrated ingredients, and I know personally that most firms make a speciality of selling original packages of all kinds of pure ingredients both direct and by post. I can point out to you, however, many useful hints which involve no expense at all.

"How to Shampoo."—Try pure stallax. I think you could get as small a quantity as two or three ounces. A remarkably good shampoo is made by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax in a cup of hot water. This cleanses the scalp well, and makes the hair very soft, glossy, and wavy.

"Run Down."—If you cannot sleep well, nerves just a trifle unsettled, remember the body is like a piano and needs to be kept tuned up to concert pitch. The ideal body tuner is Iron-Ox Tiny Tonic Tablets. They strengthen and invigorate the whole system, and give instant relief from that "tired out," "done up" feeling.

"Rejuvenating the Skin."—You should not be discouraged because the face bleach you are using isn't effective; at certain seasons of the year all skins are more or less discoloured or freckled, and a face bleach is hardly adequate. A substance which I highly recommend is Mercolized Wax. It is a creamy product with wonderful absorptive properties, and in about ten days, if applied nightly, you will find that the old skin has almost imperceptibly entirely flaked off and the fresh skin underneath is apparent. This method is harmless, and the results achieved are most beneficial to one's looks and to the skin itself. About an ounce will do.

"Eyebrows and Lashes."—Have you tried brushing your eyebrows with a small, soft brush? An excellent plan is to apply menaline to stimulate the growth of the eyebrows and lashes as well. Get only an ounce. It can be applied with the finger-tip. I think you will find that your brows and lashes will soon become more luxuriant after such treatment.

"Annoying Perspiration."—For the offensive perspiration odour you complain of I would by all means use a little powdered pergol: applied to the affected surface with the finger-tips or a puff, it will instantly stop the trouble.

"Stimulating Hair Growth."—You should follow the instructions given in this article, and, in addition, make up a good hair and scalp tonic. Take an ounce of boranium and mix it with a quarter pint of bay rum, rub into the scalp occasionally. It stimulates the growth of hair and prevents dandruff. You will soon see marked improvement in the general condition of your hair.

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"Removing Unsightly Hair."—Sipolite is the most practical thing with which to remove the superfluous hair. Get about half an ounce from the chemist, and mix a little into a paste with a few drops of water. Apply it to the surface affected, and the hair will wilt so that it can be rubbed off in two or three minutes, leaving no trace. About half an ounce will last quite a long time.

"Avoiding Rouge."—Yes, I agree with you that rouge is easily detected, but because of that you need not be without colour. It seems essential in a few cases like yours. There is a preparation called colliandum, which blends so remarkably with the skin that its use cannot be detected. Of course some skins require very little colour, and you must be careful to know your style.

"A Soap Hint."—Pilenta is a very good complexion soap that has been recommended to me by many who find its use delightful. It has a very soothing effect on the skin, and at the same time it is a good cleanser. I have not found as good a one as yet.

"Improving the Lips."—A poor circulation is usually the cause of that blue, bloodless appearance of the lips you complain of, and for troubles of that kind you should consult your physician. But why let an old-fashioned prejudice keep you from seeking a harmless artificial aid temporarily? A soft stick of prolactum applied to the lips gives a beautiful and perfectly natural colour and prevents dryness.

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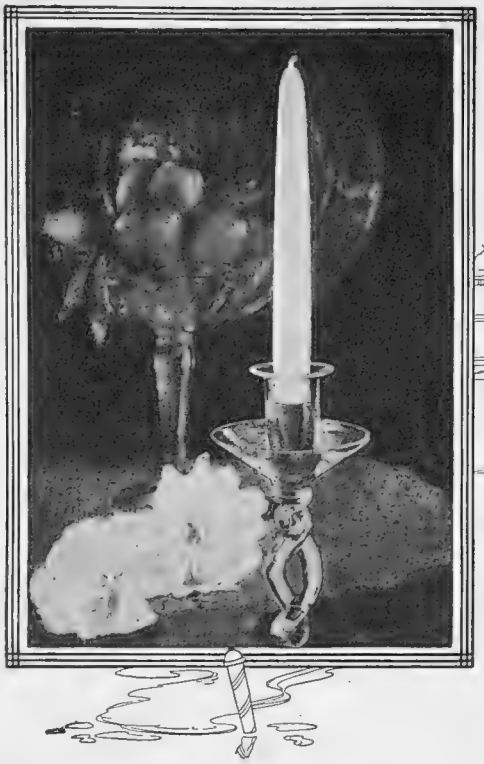

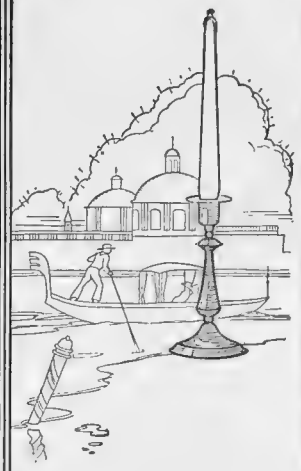

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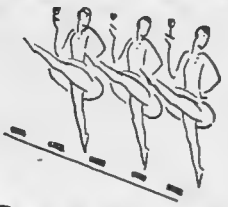

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A Plain Omelette

Beat up three eggs with a tablespoonful of milk and a pinch of salt. Melt ½ oz. of butter in an omelette-pan, and when it bubbles pour in the mixture, and cook while stirring until it begins to set, fold the edges over to make it oval. Do not turn it, but to finish it on the upper side place the pan under the grill until just set. A little chopped parsley should be stirred into the eggs before they are put into the frying-pan.

Kidneys and Mushrooms

Skin and cut in halves four sheep kidneys, season with salt and pepper. Melt in a frying-pan ½ oz. of butter, and fry in it a *very small*, finely minced onion, then put in the kidneys. Stir them quickly and sprinkle over a dessertspoonful of flour. When slightly browned add half a dozen button mushrooms and a little gravy. Cook another five minutes, and serve with sippets of toast.

Broiled Mackerel

Split the mackerel down the back, take out the bone and cut off the head. Mix some salad oil with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley, lay the mackerel in this, turn them so that they are well oiled on both sides. Grill them under the gas. Serve with a small piece of *maître d'hotel* butter on each fish.

Fried Bacon with Bananas

Remove the rind from some thinly cut rashers of bacon and fry them on both sides in a frying-pan. Skin half as many bananas as there are rashers, cut each in half lengthways, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and fry them in the bacon fat, adding a little butter if necessary. Dish up the bacon and put half a banana on each rasher. Serve at once. EMILIA.

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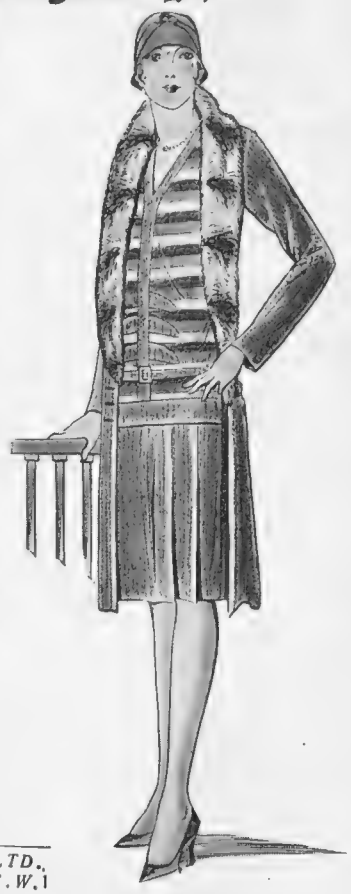

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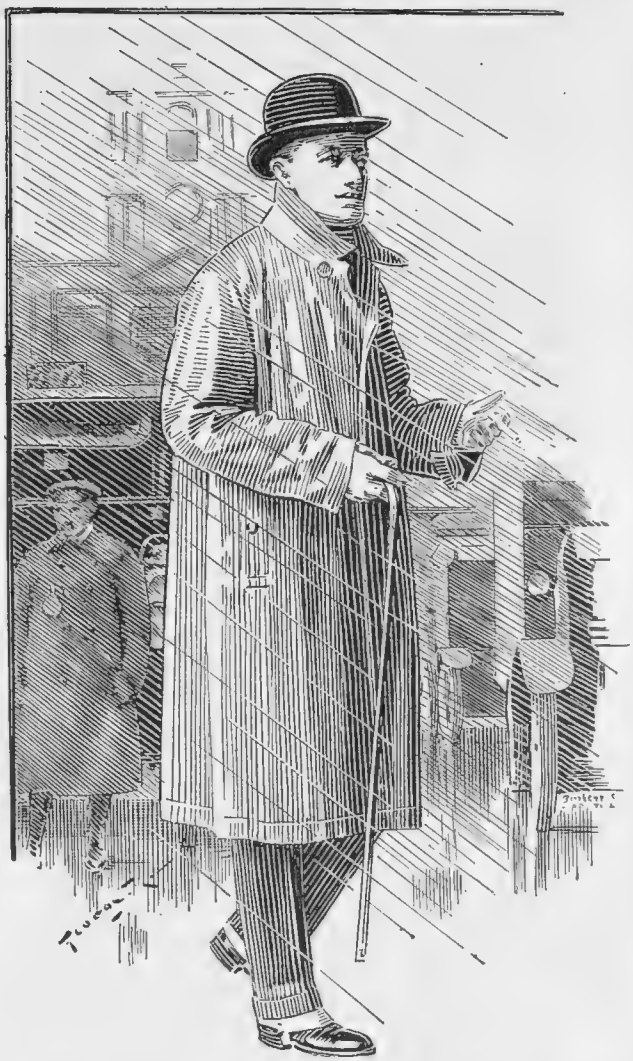

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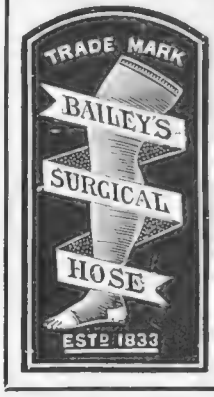

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Hotel St. Petersbourg, 33/35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. hotel. Every mod. com. Same house: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

Pourville-sur-Mer, near Dieppe. Hotel d'Albion. Unique View. Famous Cuisine. Terrace. Garden. Moderate Rates.

GERMANY.

Bad Homburg v.d.H.—Park—Sanatorium. Latest comforts. For affections of the stomach, heart, intestines and nerves.

Baden-Baden.—Bad-Hotel "Zum Hirsch." Special thermal establishment. A home of the best kind. Pension from 11 to 15 marks.

Leipzig. Hotel Hauffe.—World-renowned. Nearby best Theatres, Museums and points of interest. The latest in hotel equipment.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock. Fst.-cl. Fam. Htl. 280 beds. Medical bath direct in house. Golf, Tennis, etc. Prop. Th. Schäfer.

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Merano.—Park Hotel. Quiet and Distinguished. 180 Beds. 50 Bathrooms. Owner: H. Panzer.

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A simple way to stimulate your Overseas Trade

Advertisers in "The Bystander" are reminded that "The Bystander" enjoys a very large circulation abroad. It is therefore advisable that the advertisements in "The Bystander" should contain something in the nature of an Invitation to Overseas Buyers in the form of particulars of special packing for transmission abroad; suitability of the article for use abroad, varieties recommended for specified climates, etc., according to the nature and appeal of the advertised article.

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FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The First Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER
Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the causes of Cancer
DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS & LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED
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AIX - les - BAINS.
GRAND HOTEL D'AIX
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MAY, JUNE and SEPTEMBER. PENSION FROM Frs. 65.
The utmost comfort at moderate price.
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Suites with Baths. Motor, Bus and Trams. Splendid View

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On the Croisette. Near Casino and Tennis Courts.

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ROYAL BELLEVUE.
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A USEFUL SPORTS COAT IN BRUSHED WOOL

"Brushed Wool Coat" (*as sketch*) in superfine quality yarn, with belt from sides fastening small buckle in front, woollen flower to match. In all the newest colours.

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52/6

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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JUMPER SUIT

In rich Crêpe de Chine, Navy and Powder Blue. Can be worn open at neck. Steel stud buttoning.

10½ Gns.

191 REGENT STREET W.1
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Facial Massage

THERE is no Spring tonic more delightful and beneficial than Phyllis Earle Facial Massage. This is the season of the year when the complexion will show the refreshing effects of this treatment; like Spring flowers after the tonic of sunshine and showers. Among the Phyllis Earle staff are specialists in massage with exceptional skill in this beautifying art; which, besides giving loveliness to the complexion, is a delightfully soothing, mental rest.

The following are examples of the very moderate fees charged.

Face Massage to cleanse and refine the skin, **7/6.**

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Specific Treatment for correcting skin blemishes, from **12/6**

Phyllis Earle Salons

32, DOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Telephone: Regent 7931.

INSTITUT DE BEAUTÉ PHYLLIS EARLE

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"NO. For Catarrh it must be Glyco-Thymoline!"

"'Glyco-Thymoline.' Thank you, Doctor. As my catarrh's no better I'll be sure to remember the name this time!"

"It is important to remember it. Cheaper preparations may sound and look like Glyco-Thymoline, but can't possibly be as efficacious as Glyco-Thymoline.

Our records show that 19,567 doctors use Glyco-Thymoline

"Glyco-Thymoline has been perfected after a life-time of chemical research. Glyco-Thymoline gives you *immediate* relief from catarrh, because every drop is so much more effective."

At all chemists, 1/10, 3/8, 7/6

THOS. CHRISTY & CO.,
4–12, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

℞ The Prescription Your Physician Writes

World Wide Favourites For The Skin And Scalp

Regular use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by touches of Cuticura Ointment when required, keeps the complexion fresh and free from eruptions and the hair live and glossy. Cuticura Preparations are unexcelled in purity and are regarded by millions as unrivalled in the promotion of skin and hair health.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner St., London, E.C. 1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

Why does the barber?

WHY does the barber always give you an easy, clean shave? Simply because he has a good **hollow-ground razor** that is safe in his hand, and he can strop it

The Wilkinson Safety Razor gives these essentials to the unskilled hand. It has **lasting Hollow-Ground Blades** made from the famous Wilkinson Steel. A Safety Frame that can be adjusted to give the correct depth of cut, and an Automatic Honing and Stropping Machine, with new **Rocking Blade Holder,** which is simple to use and efficient in operation.

WILKINSON
SAFETY RAZOR
IMPROVED MODEL 28

Standard Set No. 121, *complete with seven lasting full Hollow-Ground Blades and improved Honing and Stropping Machine in handsome polished Oak Case* **42/-**

Sets as above with three and one Blades 27/6 and 21/- respectively. Also travelling Sets with Honing and Stropping Machine, Badger Shaving Brush, three Blades, 37/6. With one Blade, 30/-

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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THE WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD.
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Factory: Acton, London, W.
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SUMMER and Sunshine are on the horizon; the Gordon Hotels by the sea are in readiness for the usual host of holiday makers. Your choice is wise indeed if you have chosen a town which boasts a Gordon Hotel.

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Tariffs on request to the Manager of any of the above.

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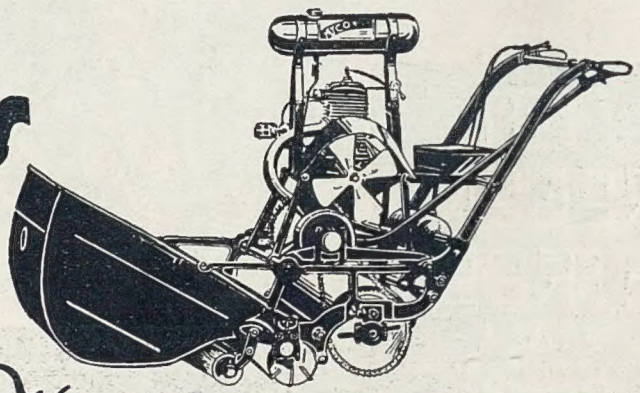
AFTER SEVEN YEARS SERVICE



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ALL BRITISH MOTOR MOWERS

STILL THE MOST *EFFICIENT* ECONOMICAL and *POPULAR*

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Send for 1928 Catalogue, and let us arrange a Free Demonstration. Six models.

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ALFRED APPLEBY CYCLE CHAIN
THE BEST CYCLE CHAIN IN THE WORLD

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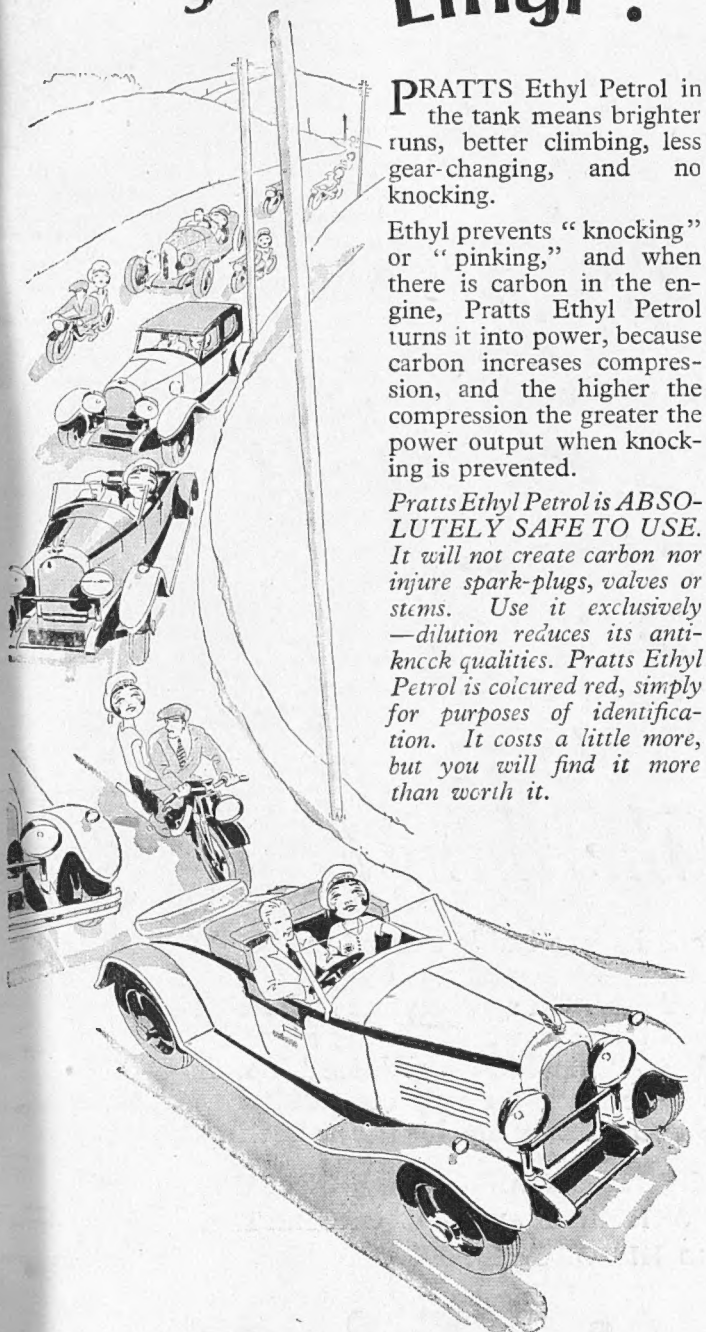


PRATTS Ethyl Petrol in the tank means brighter runs, better climbing, less gear-changing, and no knocking.

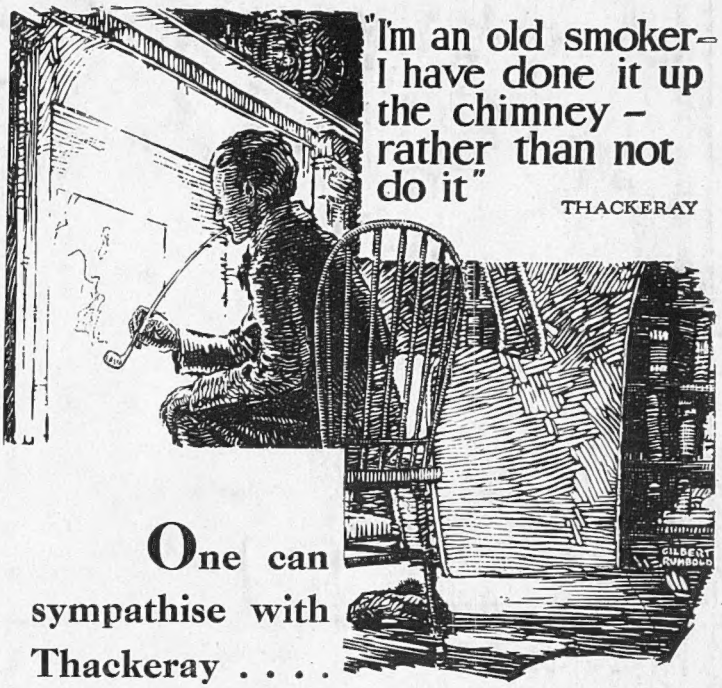
Ethyl prevents "knocking" or "pinking," and when there is carbon in the engine, Pratts Ethyl Petrol turns it into power, because carbon increases compression, and the higher the compression the greater the power output when knocking is prevented.

Pratts Ethyl Petrol is ABSOLUTELY SAFE TO USE. It will not create carbon nor injure spark-plugs, valves or stems. Use it exclusively—dilution reduces its anti-knock qualities. Pratts Ethyl Petrol is coloured red, simply for purposes of identification. It costs a little more, but you will find it more than worth it.

Pratts

Ethyl Petrol

Distributed by the proprietors of PRATTS SPIRIT — *famous for 30 years*



"I'm an old smoker—I have done it up the chimney—rather than not do it"

THACKERAY

One can sympathise with Thackeray . . . .

With a pipeful of John Cotton's and nowhere else to smoke it, most of us would do the same. Life holds a lot of these small deceptions. There is the man, for instance, who deceives himself that this tobacco is better than that; then—that that is better than this . . . Until one day he tries John Cotton's.

Deception is over. He has found—as we have found—the one perfect tobacco. Made perfect by John Cotton's 150 years' experience in blending.

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AUDIENCE *Cigarettes are new since Thackeray's time. Yet they have the full advantage of John Cotton's experience in producing the finest blending of tobaccos that ever came out of the Virginias.*

The ladies will like AUDIENCE. *A box of 25 costs 2/-.*

2/7

per 2-oz. packet.

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THE rhythm of modern dance music is its irresistible attraction. Only the best tunes have caught it: only the finest bands can play it. "His Master's Voice" Dance Records include the "hits" everyone is dancing to to-day and those that will be all the rage to-morrow. They are made by the only bands with the modern rhythm—"His Master's Voice" Bands—the best in London and New York. Your dealer will be pleased to give you particulars of the latest dance successes made by the following.

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